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JANUARY 1964

Together

MIDMONTH MAGAZINE FOR METHODIST FAMILIES

WATCHNIGHT BONFIRE

For the story, turn the page...

Warm-up for Wat

Minnesota Teen-age

IN THE CITY, the tavern lights blink senselessly; and the New Year comes in with wild music, noisemakers, champagne, and confetti. But in the quiet countryside near Minneapolis, where icy stars glint over snowy woodlands and a frozen lake, young people greet midnight's magic moment in another way.

For nine years, MYFers of Crystal, Minn., have gone to a picturesque Methodist camp at nearby Little Long Lake to observe the New Year with a Watch Night service of prayer and rededication—a Methodist tradition going back 220 years to Kingswood school [see page 76] and its founder, John Wesley.

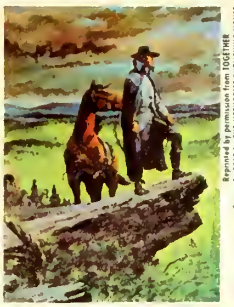
Appropriately, the Minnesota camp is named Kingswood, and the night vigil—a practice almost as old as Christianity—was started in 1954 by the Rev. W. T. Horst, still Brunswick church pastor. Many of the 58 youngsters and 9 counselors who attended last year have never known the riotous carousing of the typical New Year celebration.

A "decent New Year" doesn't mean a funless one for MYFers who gather at Brunswick Church for the bus ride to Kingswood. The fun includes games, food, singing, a wiener roast on the frozen lake [see cover], an after-midnight hike—and maybe some 3 a.m. horseplay.

girls whiz smoothly over the ice, but soon they'll "crack the whip," sending one sailing far away down Little Long Lake.

Observe Watch Night

When the clock is at midnight, nearly 60 boys and girls kneel before a crackling fire to rededicate their lives to Christ. "This is the night's most memorable event," declared one girl. "It made me feel very close to God."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A Tribute to John F. Kennedy

By JOHN WESLEY LORD, Bishop, Washington (D.C.) Area, The Methodist Church

BY INVITATION of his brother, the attorney general, I attended the funeral service of the late President John Fitzgerald Kennedy at Saint Matthew Cathedral in Washington, D.C. The universal sadness that had cast its pall over the entire world seemed focused there as members of his family, heads of state, government officials, and friends bowed in unutterable grief. President Kennedy had lived to serve this age; now he was being given to the ages.

Methodists around the world mourn the death of a great and good president. Though it came suddenly and tragically by the hand of an assassin, his death places upon all of us the burden of achieving the suffrage of the free human spirit to which President Kennedy was committed. He will be remembered as a man of deep religious faith, articulate intelligence, and redoubtable courage. A kindly, peace-loving man, he nevertheless dared to risk a nuclear war when his conscience clearly dictated this to be the only way of meeting a threat to our national security.

With his well-trained, disciplined mind and an inner security born of deep spiritual resources, President Kennedy never lost faith in the ultimate integrity of humanity. He believed that, in a world filled with malice, there could be a meeting of minds among people of differing ideologies; that there was no gulf that could not be spanned, given time, patience, and intelligence; that men not under the stress of fear still can control events; and that right will triumph.

On June 10, 1963, the President delivered a historic commencement address at Methodist-related American University in Washington. He spoke on *Strategy of Peace*, directing his message to those who say it is useless to speak of peace or world law or world disarmament until the leaders of the Soviet Union adopt a more enlightened attitude. It was his conviction that we could show the way for the Soviet Union to adopt that attitude.

The President urged also that we rethink our attitudes toward peace itself. To believe that peace is impossible or unreal is dangerous and defeatist. This leads to the conclusion that we are gripped by forces we cannot control. But we need not accept that view. Man's reason and spirit often have solved the seemingly insolvable, and they can do it again.

These are the thoughts and this is the faith of a man who had not lost his belief in the essential goodness and reasonableness of humanity. He was a lover of peace, which he defined as a process, a way of solving problems, requiring only that men live together in mutual respect. Against a heritage of hate, the late President bequeathed his country and the world a new heritage of mutual toleration, in which may be found peace with justice.

The President concluded his American University address with a verse from the 16th chapter of the Book of Proverbs: "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." On occasion he would call to the White House the religious leaders of the capital area. Implied and often expressed in these briefings was the truism that the real problems the nation faced were not so much political or military as they were spiritual. It was the task of religion, he indicated, to create the climate in which real solutions could be found.

It will be the verdict of history, I expect, that President Kennedy was a champion of the unprotected. No occupant of the White House felt more deeply the burden of the dispossessed. He knew that indifference to suffering is the explosive factor in history; and against tremendous odds and apathy, he championed the cause of civil rights for all men everywhere.

In the slow task of building a world community, he was ever on guard that our country's rightful concern to preserve national security and national values did not betray our international responsibilities. He sensed so clearly the terrible travesty of our times: that there may be more substance in our animosities than in our love, and that we have learned to hate better than we have learned to love. As he said in a late 1961 speech, "Let our patriotism be reflected in the creation of confidence rather than in crusades of suspicion."

Some 200 years ago, John Wesley wrote: "He who governed the world before I was born shall take care of it, likewise, when I am dead. . . . My part is to improve the present moment." Man of peace, guardian of the unprotected, lover of mankind, John Fitzgerald Kennedy will be remembered as a man who indeed did improve the present moment.

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The Church in Action

General Conference Choirs And Singing Dates Listed

Selection of six choirs to sing at the forthcoming session of the 1964 Methodist General Conference has been announced by Dr. J. Otis Young of Chicago, chairman of the General Conference Program Committee.

The choirs were chosen by Dr. Austin C. Lovelace, director of music for the General Conference and music director of Christ Church, Methodist, New York City.

The choirs' schedule follows:

April 27—The Great Hymns Choir (Baltimore, Md.), Daniel L. Ridout, director.

April 28—Columbia College Choir (women—Columbia, S.C.), Guthrie Darr, director.

April 29—Albion College Choir (Albion, Mich.), David Strickler, director.

April 30—Seminary Singers (Boston University School of Theology), James R. Houghton, director.

May 1—Ohio Conference Ministers' Choir, Louis Diercks, director.

May 2—Hendrix College Choir (Conway, Ark.), Robert McGill, director.

Methodist Publishing House Sets New Sales Record

Net sales of The Methodist Publishing House totaled a record $28,732,717 for the last fiscal year, Lovick Pierce told the Methodist Board of Publication at its annual meeting in New York City.

The $476,303 increase, said Mr. Pierce of Nashville, Tenn., Publishing House president and publisher of the church, means "our service to the church and its people was larger in the year just closed than in any other year."

A $700,000 appropriation was voted by the board for retired Methodist ministers and their dependents. This, too, was a record, exceeding by $100,000 any previous allocation by the board to retired ministers. During its 174 years of operation, the Publishing House appropriations have amounted to $20,968,198.

The board elected Eugene McElvaney of Dallas, Texas, chairman, and Ben A. Whitmore of Nashville, Tenn., vice-chairman. Named to the board's executive committee were Allen Whitfield of Des Moines, Iowa, and Bradshaw J. Mintener of Washington, D.C. Elected to the board was Dr. Claude Garrison of Worthington, Ohio.

In other action, the board elevated Dr. Ewing T. Wayland, editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, to editorial director of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE and TOGETHER. Dr. Leland D. Case, who had been editorial director, becomes editorial consultant.

Mr. McElvaney

Dr. Wayland

Commenting on the fact that MPH will celebrate its 175th anniversary in 1964, Mr. Pierce said that MPH "is without question one of the oldest American businesses from the standpoint of continuous service; in truth, the Publishing House, The Methodist Church, and the nation have grown up together."

Other accomplishments cited by Mr. Pierce in his report were:

- Increased offset printing through installation of a five-color offset press in 1962. A 10-color press is scheduled for operation this year.

- Abingdon Press, a department of the publishing division, produced 66 new church music pieces during the year.

- Distribution of the four-volume *Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible*—considered to be the most comprehensive Bible dictionary ever published—totaled 42,772 sets.

- Six printing excellence awards were received by Parthenon Press, the MPH printing division.

Cites Six 'Bridges to Unity'

Methodist Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of Philadelphia, Pa., said Protestants and Roman Catholics can move closer toward each other by crossing six "bridges to unity." He spoke at the commencement exercises of St. Joseph's College—a Roman Catholic school—in Philadelphia, where he received the first honorary degree ever given a Protestant clergyman by the college.

Bishop Corson said that through mutual effort by Protestants and Catholics "bridges of unity" exist in areas of communications, fellowship, education, purpose, effort, and communion.

Asks General Conference to Drop Support of NCC, WCC

Expressing opposition to programs of the National and World Councils of Churches, the quarterly conference of Bethel Methodist Church, Charleston, S.C., has memorialized the 1964 General Conference to withdraw support from the NCC and WCC, and shift staff work of Methodist-financed agencies from the promotion of controversial programs to field services in programs on which Methodists are united.

Also critical of church-promoted integration, Bethel Church has cut its World Service and Conference Benevolences 10 percent. This, it estimates, is the minimum amount it believes would go to finance activities which it opposes.

Copies of the resolution may be obtained from A. J. Tamsberg, P.O. Box 304, Charleston, S.C.

Methodist Judicial Council Rules on Church Policies

The Judicial Council—supreme court of The Methodist Church—has declared that Bishop Dionisio D. Alejandro of the Philippines Central Conference should continue as bishop

TOGETHER **January, 1964**
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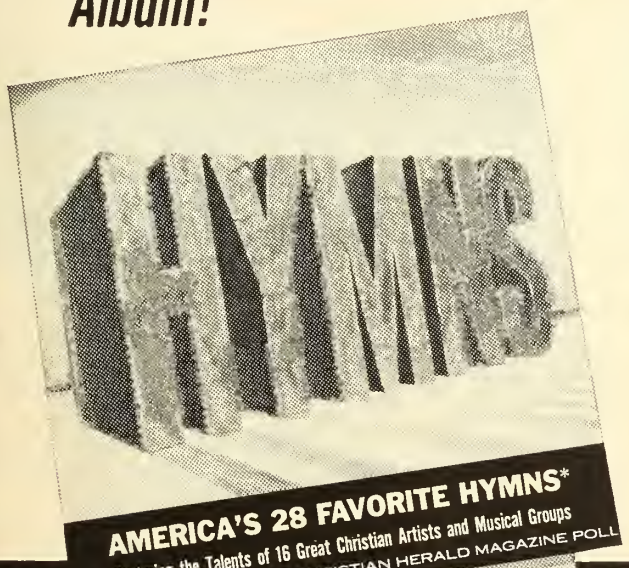

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From the very first selection, *The Old Rugged Cross*, sung by Claude Rhea to the twenty-eighth, *Holy, Holy, Holy* by the powerful Moody Chorale, you'll find enrichment in every minute. Who wouldn't be thrilled by the Lutheran Hour Choir's voices blending on *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God* . . . by Frank Boggs singing *Amazing Grace* and *What A Friend We Have in Jesus* . . . by the beautiful harmony of the Serenaders Quartet on *Rock of Ages?*

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2. **How Great Thou Art** — Bill Mann
3. **What A Friend We Have In Jesus** — Frank Boggs
4. **In The Garden** — Ralph Carmichael and his Orchestra
5. **Amazing Grace** — Frank Boggs
6. **Rock Of Ages** — Serenaders Quartet
7. **Sweet Hour Of Prayer** — Paul Mickelson Orchestra
8. **Abide With Me** — Dick Anthony Choristers
9. **Beyond The Sunset** — Bill Pearce & Dick Anthony (vocal duet)
10. **Whispering Hope** — Charles Magnuson & Lew Charles (piano & organ)
11. **Just A Closer Walk** — Dick Anthony Choristers
12. **A Mighty Fortress** — Lutheran Hour Choir
13. **Nearer My God To Thee** — Bill McVey
14. **God Will Take Care Of You** — Flo Price
15. **Have Thine Own Way Lord** — Haven of Rest Quartet
16. **Just As I Am** — Billy Graham Crusade A Cappella Choir
17. **Onward Christian Soldiers** — Paul Mickelson Orchestra
18. **Jesus, Savior Pilot Me** — Haven of Rest Quartet
19. **My Faith Looks Up To Thee** — Bill Mann
20. **Blessed Assurance** — Claude Rhea
21. **Ivory Palaces** — Moody Chorale
22. **I Need Thee Every Hour** — Abilene Christian College A Cappella Choir
23. **Lead, Kindly Light** — Dick Anthony Choristers
24. **The Love Of God** — Frank Boggs
25. **Near The Cross** — Jerry Barnes with the Kurt Kaiser Singers
26. **Jesus, Lover Of My Soul** — Bill Mann
27. **Faith Of Our Fathers** — Frank Boggs
28. **Holy, Holy, Holy** — Moody Chorale

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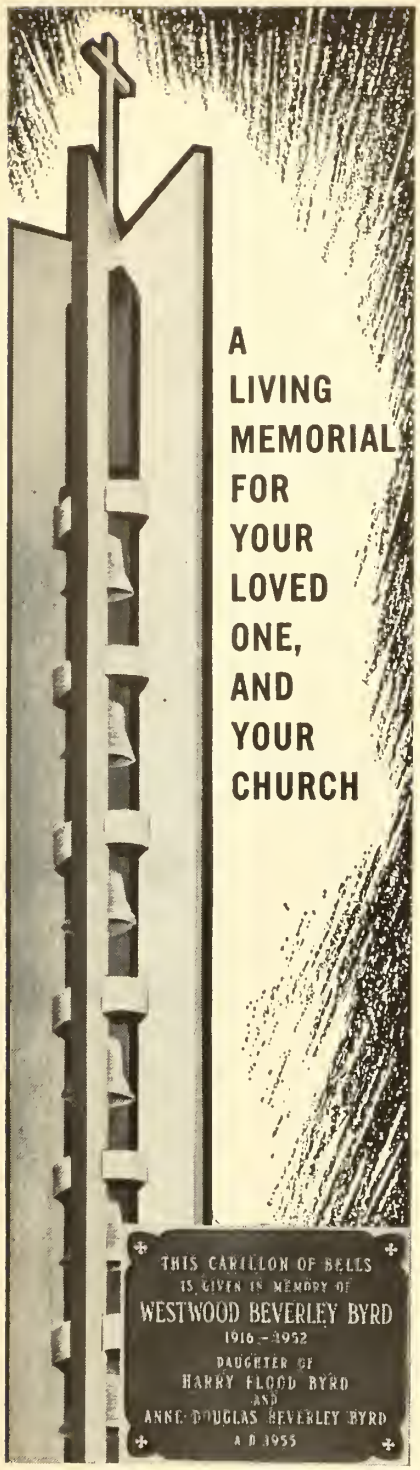

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Dr. H. C. Whyman (left), executive secretary of New York City Society and Brooklyn-Long Island Church Society, and the Rev. H. F. Lowe of the Methodist Board of Missions represented The Methodist Church at the cornerstone laying service for the Protestant and Orthodox Center at the New York World's Fair.

until the close of the next regular session of the conference. The ruling on Bishop Alejandro's retirement was asked when he reached the compulsory retirement age of 70 between sessions.

At its annual meeting at Methodist-related Duke University, Durham, N.C., the council also ruled that members of the Commission on Entertainment and Program of the General Conference are not subject to the 12-year tenure limitation, because the commission is not an "administrative agency."

In another action, the council denied pension rights to the divorced wife of a minister. Her former husband had withdrawn from conference membership.

Methodist Church Laws Begin as 'Memorials'

The word "memorial" to Methodists in quadrennial years means a petition to the General Conference for new enactments or for changes in present legislation.

Any Methodist, group of Methodists, or Methodist organization may "memorialize" the top law and policy-making body of The Methodist Church.

Memorials are handled like bills in the U.S. Congress. First they are numbered, titled, and classified, then sent to proper committees. Committee action is reported in the *Daily Christian Advocate* and then on the floor of the General Conference.

Four rules to follow in writing a memorial: Only one subject to a memorial. Submit memorial in triplicate. Only Methodists and Methodist organizations may submit them. All memorials must be signed.

Send memorials to: Dr. Leon T. Moore, secretary, the General Conference, Room 301, 1701 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

Church Vocations Secretary Sought in New Legislation

The 1964 Methodist General Conference will be asked by the Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations to pass legislation requiring every Methodist pastoral charge to have a secretary of Christian vocations.

The memorial was drafted at the committee's annual session in Nashville, Tenn.

In churches having a committee on Christian vocations, he would serve as committee chairman. Duties of the local-church committee would include:

See that the philosophy of Christian vocations and the opportunities of church vocations are regularly presented to youth and adults.

Advise interested young people and adults of the qualifications necessary for all church vocations.

Encourage and guide candidates for the pastoral ministry and other church-related vocations.

In Harrisburg, Pa., Bishop W. Vernon Middleton of the Western Pennsylvania Area said that only 60 percent of The Methodist Church's ministerial recruitment needs are being met.

New efforts are being made, said Bishop Middleton, to attract young people into the ministry—notably, a Convocation on the Ministry held for the first time last year.

The Interboard Committee is conducting 10 guidance consultations—2

in each of 5 regional jurisdictions. The purposes are:

- To discover the mutual concern of school and church for realistic vocational and educational goals for youth.
- To take stock of the services now available in the schools and churches that assist young persons in making plans for further education and final decisions on occupations.
- To establish understanding of responsibilities looking forward to development of adequate and full use of all vocational guidance services in communities.

Survey Shows Bible-Reading Ruling Not Fully Followed

An 18-state survey following the U.S. Supreme Court decision forbidding prayer and Bible-reading as devotional acts in public schools shows both compliance and defiance.

States complying with the ruling, according to a Religious News Service study, are: California, Colorado, Illinois, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont.

Defiance of the decision is being carried out—fully or partially—in Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida,

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

JANUARY

5—Methodist Anniversary Sunday.
5-12—Universal Prayer Week.
7-9—Annual meeting of Methodist Board of Education, Dallas, Texas.
7-9—Meeting of Methodist Co-ordinating Council, Cincinnati, Ohio.
10—Joint meeting of Methodist Councils (Council of Bishops, Council of Secretaries, Council on World Service and Finance, and Co-ordinating Council), Cincinnati, Ohio.
12-13—Annual meeting of National Association of Schools and Colleges of The Methodist Church, Washington, D.C.
14-24—Annual meeting of Methodist Board of Missions and its divisions and joint section, Buck Hill Falls, Pa.
18-25—Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, sponsored by the National Council of Churches Faith and Order Studies.
19-26—Church and Economic Life Week (NCC).
20-23—Meeting of Methodist Ministers and Directors of Local-Church Evangelism, Nashville, Tenn.
26-Feb. 2—Youth Week.
27-28—Meeting of Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, New York, N.Y.
27-30—Annual meeting of Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, and annual convention of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes, Sheraton-Jefferson Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.
28-31—Churchmen's Washington Seminar, Washington, D.C.

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INDEX

An alphabetical index covering Volume 7 of *Together* (January-December, 1963) will be available after January 1, 1964, for 25¢ from the *Together* Business Office at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203

Idaho, New Hampshire, and North Carolina.

In New Hampshire and North Carolina, where state laws neither advocate nor prohibit school prayers, the practice is left to the discretion of local school districts or, more often, the teachers.

A period of silence is being substituted or advocated for prayer and Bible-reading in Abington Township, Pennsylvania—where the original court suit was filed—Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, and New Jersey.

Illinois Gov. Otto Kerner has vetoed a bill that would have permitted public-school teachers to lead daily recitations of four stanzas of the national anthem—one of which contains a reference to God.

A Methodist minister in Vermont has proposed that the state permit released-time religious classes off of school premises.

In Kentucky, Attorney General John B. Breckenridge advised the State Board of Education that Bible study in classes of history and literature had not been barred.

The Methodist Church Ranks Low in Per-Member Giving

The Methodist Church was 39th in per-member giving out of 42 Protestant denominations in the United States during 1962, according to the 43rd annual report on statistics of church finances released by the National Council of Churches.

Although Methodist per-member giving was low, it increased from $57.27 in 1961 to $58.53 in 1962.

Ranking first was the Free Methodist Church with per-member giving of $312.58. The Wesleyan Methodist Church with $246.40 ranked second.

Total contributions by the 42 denominations was almost $2.8 billion, of which $506,939,086 was for benevolences and $2,292,731,491 was for local congregational items and operations.

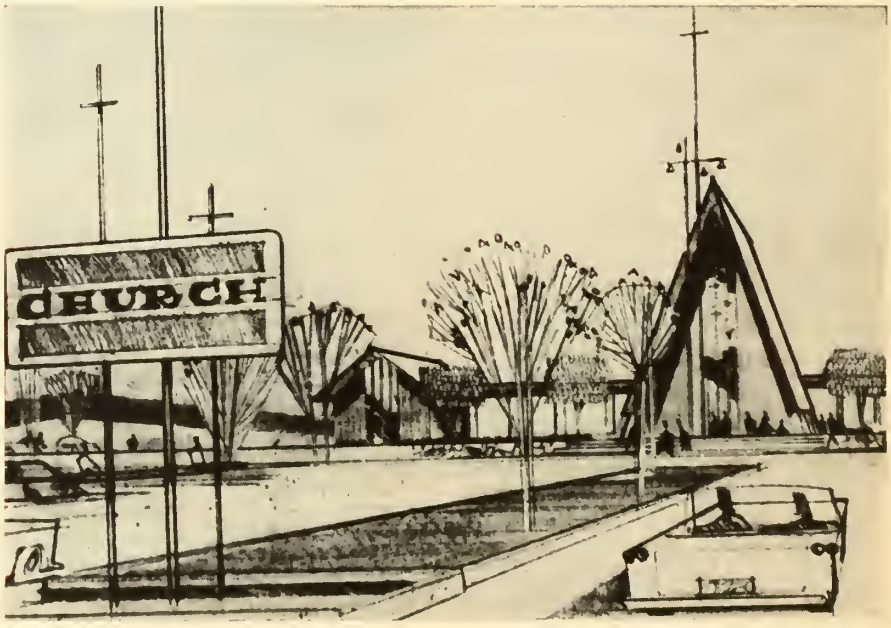
Special-Term Missionaries Needed at Home and Overseas

The Methodist Board of Missions urgently needs highly qualified, highly motivated young men and women to serve as special-term missionaries at home and overseas.

Fifty-six women and 31 men are wanted in 1964 to serve overseas for 3 years, and 35 men and women are needed in the United States to serve for 2 years.

A special call is being made in 1964 for 15 young men to serve as a mobile emergency missionary force in The Congo. They will work basically in the education field, but will be prepared to move into difficult situations on short notice.

The board's overseas special-term



Architect's drawing shows Valley Plaza Church, Scottsdale, Ariz., the first Methodist church to be built in a shopping center. It will be completed in three years at a cost of $1 million. The center's owner-developer, J. B. Kilroy of Los Angeles, donated 3.5 acres for a two-direction roadway to and from the church.

program—started in 1948—has had 858 persons serve as 3s (a three-year period). Since 1951, 350 persons have served in America as U.S.-2s (a two-year period).

More information on the program may be had by writing: Office of Missionary Personnel, 14th Floor, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

World Methodist Family-Life Conference Plans Announced

A one-day World Methodist Conference on Family Life will be held just prior to the quinquennial World Methodist Council and Conference in London, England, August 18-26, 1966.

Dr. J. Otis Young of Chicago, Ill., chairman of the conference study committee and an associate publisher of The Methodist Publishing House, said that Bishop Hazen G. Werner of Columbus, Ohio, will head the world gathering.

Bishop Werner has been chairman of the Methodist General Committee on Family Life for many years and has headed four national conferences dealing with the family-life theme in America.

Methodists in the News

Dr. John J. Hicks, pastor of Union Memorial Methodist Church, St. Louis, Mo., is the first Negro ever elected president of the St. Louis Board of Education.

Dr. Harry F. Ward, long-time preacher and teacher of "the social gospel," was given a worldwide tribute on his 90th birthday. Sixteen bishops were among sponsors of the tribute in Carnegie Hall, New York.

Edwin E. Smith, Jr., of Winfield, Kans., has been elected treasurer and business manager of the Methodist Board of Education, effective February 1, 1964.

Dr. Ralph C. John has been named president of Methodist-related Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa.

Nels J. Ackerson, 19, is the new president of the Future Farmers of America. He is a member of the Eagletown Church, Kokomo District, North Indiana Conference.

Dr. E. Stanley Jones, noted Methodist missionary leader, has been given the Gandhi Peace Award.

Dr. Mark Shaw, retired minister of Melrose, Mass., is the U.S. vice-presidential nominee of the Prohibition Party.

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman has been

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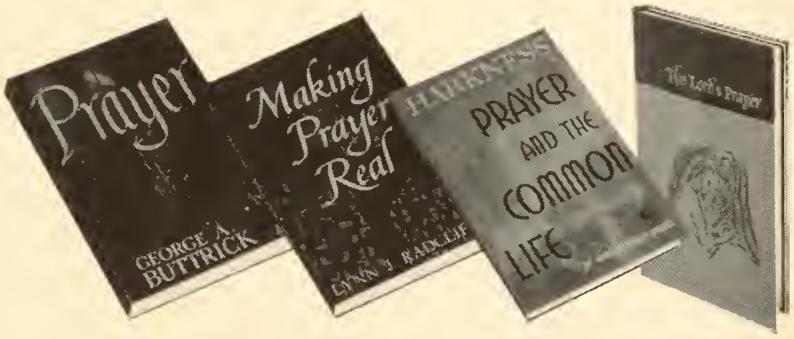
Prayers for Living	*Hazel T. Wilson*	**$1.25**
Prayers for a Woman's Day	*Josephine Robertson*	**$1.25**
New Prayers for a Woman's Day	*Josephine Robertson*	**$1.25**
A Prayer Companion	*Hazel T. Wilson*	**$1.50**



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inaugurated Harry Emerson Fosdick visiting professor at Union Theological Seminary in New York City.

Dr. Lawrence L. Lacour, former director of the Board of Evangelism's department of evangelists, is the new director of the board's department of preaching evangelism. He was succeeded by the **Rev. Ed Beck** of Nashville, Tenn., a staff member of the department.

U.S. Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico is the "alumnus of the year" of Methodist-related Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, S.Dak.

Dr. R. Lanier Hunt has been named associate executive director of the newly formed department of the church and public-school relations of the National Council of Churches in New York City. He was a teacher and administrator in Mississippi public schools for 12 years.

The **Rev. Philip L. Green**, assistant pastor of First Methodist Church of Colorado Springs, Colo., has been awarded the Air Force Commendation Medal in recognition of his contributions to welfare, youth, and religious programs while he was chaplain at Kinchele (Mich.) Air Force Base.

Seeks Merger Talks With Negro Methodist Churches

The Division of National Missions of The Methodist Church has recommended the denomination's Commission on Church Union initiate steps toward possible merger with three Negro Methodist denominations having a combined membership of almost 2.5 million.

In the 1700s and 1800s, the three denominations separated from Methodist Episcopal groups. The churches are: African Methodist Episcopal, African Methodist Episcopal Zion, and Christian Methodist Episcopal.

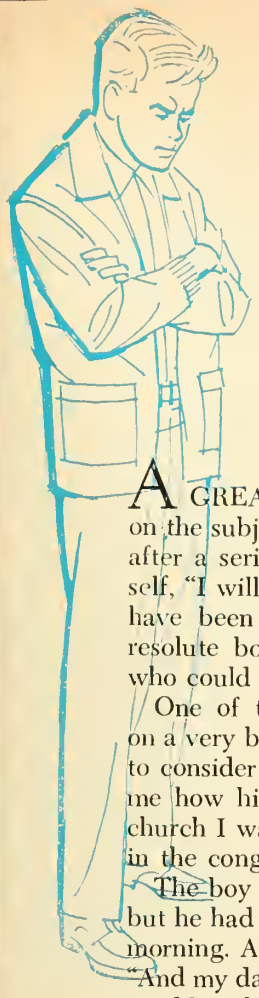
CENTURY CLUB

Two Methodists who have marked 100 or more birthdays join the Century Club of TOGETHER *this month. They are:*

Mrs. Annie E. Branson, 101, Blytheville, Ark.

Mrs. Nellie Johanson, 100, Oceanside, Calif.

When making nominations for the Century Club, please give nominee's name, address, birth date, and where church membership is held.



The Prodigal Who Would Not Go Home

By ROY L. SMITH

A GREAT many sermons have been preached on the subject of the boy in the far country who, after a series of bitter experiences, said to himself, "I will arise and go to my father!" But few have been preached on the subject of the irresolute boys who were just as badly off, but who could not be persuaded to go home.

One of them came to see me in my study, on a very busy Saturday morning. I was inclined to consider him favorably until he began telling me how his family were members of the same church I was, and how important his father was in the congregation back home.

The boy was in trouble; he was out of money, but he had a job he was going to get on Monday morning. All he needed was to get over Sunday. "And my dad has always told me that if I got into trouble, that I was to go to the Methodist preacher, and he would help me out."

But I soon discovered he was unwilling to go home. Oh, he might, if "the old man" would only send him a little money. But that was not the question. It was Saturday morning; he had to eat over Sunday; and he did not have a dime. Meanwhile, he fumbled with a cigarette! Yes, he had made a few friends in the town, but he could not go to them with a matter like this.

The truth of the matter is, the young man had not come to himself. He traced all his woes to forces and facts beyond his control. He was not a mistaken young man; he was only an unfortunate young fellow who was very sure he could make good even yet in the far country.

"To tell the truth," he explained, "I don't intend to go home as long as my brother is there. We've never gotten along very well. He's one of those 'good guys' who always walks the straight and narrow and thinks everyone else has to. He tells the 'old man' I'm a rotter and no good. And I'm going to have to show them all that I can take care of myself!"

And there was nothing I could do that would persuade him to return to his father's house.

Later that day I had a phone call from a Presbyterian pastor down the street. In the course of our conversation, he told me of a call he had received from a "young chap who needed help over the Sabbath." And by this time the young man was a Presbyterian!

It was all very pathetic. He had not come to himself, *and he would not go home.* There was not much that anyone could do to help him.

It was a high moment in the life of the prodigal when he "came to himself." Up to that point he had been living in a world of unreality.

He had thought of the far country as a place in which one arrived. It had never occurred to him that it took much wealth of purpose and personality to survive in that distant land.

From his father's house he had looked across at the far country and had been fascinated by its tinsel. Even after he set himself up in the midst of it, he was unable to see it for what it was. It was not until he was hungry, deserted, and disillusioned that he had accurate vision.

At last he was able to take the measure of things. First of all he took the measure of the far country and found it a very difficult land in which to live. But more important, he took his own measure.

It is a spiritual achievement of major dimensions when we come to the point that we are able to take our own measure accurately, honestly, and courageously.

"For 10 years I have made life a hell for my husband with my unreasoning jealousy," one woman said, as she sat in the pastor's study trying to solve domestic difficulty. Once she really saw herself the solution was easy.

"I thought I was disciplining my family," said an official in the church, "but now I'll have to admit that I have only been trying to get my own way." It was this self-discovery which led to the redemption of his home life.

"For 15 years I have been stealing from my boss," the sales manager said finally, in a sudden burst of honesty. "All this time I have persuaded myself that the petty pilfering in which I was engaged was nothing worse than paying myself for services not included in my wages." That night salvation came to his house, and peace appeared in his life for the first time.

It is easy to blame our troubles on someone else, or an outside factor. Sometimes part of the cause lies there. The most wholesome procedure is to look for and correct our own faults.

The author of Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency *died last April. This article is drawn from material he prepared earlier.*—EDITORS

To Stop Crime:

POLICE NEED YOUR HELP

By VIRGIL W. PETERSON, Operating Director, Chicago Crime Commission

MAJOR crime in the United States—murder, robbery, rape, aggravated assault, larceny, and auto theft—has risen to a new high each year for more than a decade.

We boast that in America we live under a rule of law, where right, not might, governs. This has come to mean to many persons simply that those accused or suspected of crime must be assured the protection of their rights as specified by our Constitution and state laws, and as interpreted by our courts. But if a rule of law is to prevail, it is not only necessary that the average citizen be free of fear from the needless interference by an overzealous police, he also must be reasonably free of fear from criminals who threaten his life or deprive him of his property.

When substantial numbers of citizens in any community live in an atmosphere of fear of criminal attack, when they are restricted in the use of public streets because they are unsafe, it cannot be said that they are living under a rule of law in a meaningful sense.

The rise in lawlessness suggests that there has been something basically wrong with our approach to the problem. In the development of good citizens, no element is more important than a sense of individual responsibility. But in dealing with crime and criminals we have been placing more and more emphasis on the *rights* of individuals while at the same time we have been placing less and less emphasis on their obligations and duties. In dealing with the criminal offender, our approach is to excuse and condone—to relieve him of his responsibilities.

This approach begins with the youthful offender. We have at times explained delinquent behavior in terms of glandular disturbances, mental aberrations, internal conflicts and maladjustments; introversion and extroversion; broken homes and parental neglect; too much leniency in the home or too strict parental supervision; underprivilege and overprivilege. Everything and everybody is to blame except the offender.

In the Juvenile (Family) Court in Illinois, cases are handled in strict secrecy. Everything possible is done to prevent giving the youngster a record. This is proper. Certainly, a mistake should not stand permanently as an obstacle to a youngster's development and acceptance as a useful citizen. However, the court has instances of a youth brought repeatedly into Family Court after committing serious offenses. Perhaps this same lad may continue to commit serious offenses after he reaches the age of 17 and before he is 21, which will take him into Boy's Court. Here again, an effort is made to shield him from the stigma of a record.

FINALLY, the offender becomes an adult. He is caught committing a robbery or a burglary or other serious crime. At his trial, in Criminal Court, he still does not have an official criminal record—notwithstanding a long history of lawlessness. He is considered a first offender, so is entitled to leniency.

This entire procedure is based on a concern for the individual. When not carried to absurd extremes, the procedure may be sound and in the public interest. But it certainly is not conducive to developing a sense of responsibility. Too frequently, there evolves a confirmed criminal with an attitude, conscious or unconscious, that he is entitled to steal, or rob, or kill without being held accountable.

The removal of individual accountability is to some extent, perhaps, inherent in our system of justice and law enforcement, and contributes materially to the steady rise of crime in the U.S.

The most critical area in law enforcement today lies in maintaining a proper balance between the genuine rights of criminals and the *equally genuine* rights of law-abiding citizens to be protected from criminals.

The more significant restrictions on law enforcement have stemmed from judicial legislation as a means of making certain provisions of the Bill of Rights more meaningful. Some of the rules may be good and they may be necessary, but they increase the crime problem.

Retired Justice Felix Frankfurter once stated, "Let . . . us face the fact that five Justices of the Supreme Court *are* conscious molders of policy instead of impersonal vehicles of revealed truth."

The suppression of competent and relevant evidence on the ground that it was obtained through an improper arrest, search, and seizure is the product of judicial legislation. The Fourth Amendment to the Constitution prohibits only *unreasonable* searches and seizures. It does not state that evidence obtained through an unreasonable search and seizure shall be suppressed.

However, the U.S. Supreme Court in 1914 promulgated a rule of evidence, applicable at that time only to the federal courts, which excluded evidence secured through an unreasonable search and seizure. Until 1961, only half of the states adopted the exclusionary rule of

Before taking his present position in 1942, attorney-author Virgil W. Peterson was with the Federal Bureau of Investigation 12 years, heading Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Boston offices.

evidence in state prosecutions. The other half of the states rejected it, pursuing a policy that is followed in England, Canada, and other freedom-loving countries that if the officer overstepped the bounds of propriety and violated the law, he could be proceeded against. However, the competent and relevant evidence that he had obtained against a criminal would be admitted in court without inquiring as to the methods used in securing it. Then the U.S. Supreme Court on June 19, 1961—in a five-to-four decision, imposed the exclusionary rule of evidence on all states.

What is a proper interpretation of the word "reasonableness"? In many cases the arresting officer may take the only action available to him. He may consider his arrest, search, and seizure reasonable within the meaning of the Fourth Amendment. The average citizen may agree with him. Yet if the judge adopts an ultratechnical and highly unrealistic interpretation of what constitutes reasonableness, the evidence, upon a motion of the defendant, will be suppressed and the criminal turned free.

Responsible New York City officials have complained that decisions on the admissibility of evidence "have rendered good police work meaningless." A typical incident involved the burglary of a Western Union office last New Year's Day. A policeman observed a car parked in front of a Western Union office, engine running and trunk open. He saw two men lug out a heavy object and put it into the trunk, then speed away. The policeman commandeered a passing automobile, chased, and caught the burglars.

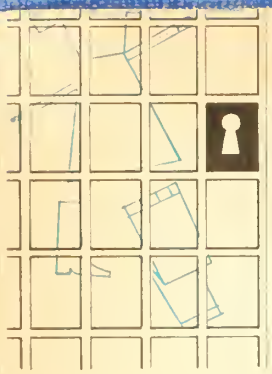
While he detained them, another policeman reported that the Western Union office door had been forcibly opened. A safe marked "Western Union" and burglar tools were found in the car trunk. Yet, a court held that the initial arrest was based "on mere suspicion sparked by a keen intuition." Hence the arrest, search, and seizure were "unreasonable" and the evidence was ordered suppressed.

Several months ago a plant guard at a Chicago packing company observed an employee steal meat from the firm's locker and hide it on the premises. Later the guard saw the man put the stolen meat in the trunk of his automobile. As the man was about to drive away, the guard asked permission to inspect the car. The suspect denied ownership of his automobile and left the premises in another car.

The chief justice of the Criminal Court issued a search warrant and the stolen meat was found in the automobile. Nevertheless, in the court, it was held that the search warrant did not sufficiently describe the stolen meat and, although the facts would seem to justify the search of the car without a warrant, the evidence was suppressed on the grounds of an unreasonable search and seizure.

Some very fine judicial minds have expressed concern over the rising crime and the increasing restrictions placed on police activity. Next in importance to the U.S. Supreme Court is the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit in New York. Recently Chief Judge J. Edward Lumbard, of that court, in an address before the New York State Bar Association, stated:

"The development of our legal institutions manifests our belief that we can and should accord to



TO HELP THEM START OVER

A YOUNG woman I will call Miss Q imbibed too freely with friends while passing through our town. Jailed for creating a disturbance and resisting arrest, she was left by her friends to serve a 30-day sentence.

Now she was being released—in the evening clothes she wore when arrested. She had no money, and no friends appeared to help. What could she do? Start walking, in high heels, and hope to hitch a ride?

Fortunately, kindhearted jail personnel chipped in to buy her a bus ticket home and got their friends to donate everyday clothes for her trip. Other short-term prisoners, however, seldom are so fortunate. They are released in the clothes they wore when arrested, often with empty pockets.

This problem is solved partially in many cities by charitable organizations which provide clothing and temporary shelter. But what about your community? Are similar services provided? An inquiry of your police chief or sheriff may reveal needs you or your church can help meet. If you arrange such a project, keep these points in mind:

Be sure that you . . .

1. Keep the project small and quiet.
2. Give usable everyday clothes, appropriate for the season.
3. Make sure all buttons and fasteners are in working order.
4. Give wearable underclothing.
5. Make your deliveries convenient for jail personnel.

Be sure you do not . . .

1. Give ragged clothes.
2. Give more than can be used or stored conveniently.
3. Become a nuisance to jail employees.
4. Try to dictate how or to whom the clothing will be distributed.

One more tip: Setting up a petty-cash "kitty" for small loans can be a godsend to indigent prisoners—to help them reenter society without hostility and bitterness.

—ANNE VANDENHOFF

every person fair and equal treatment according to law and that, at the same time, we expect such enforcement of our laws that the interests of society will be suitably protected. In today's rapidly changing world . . . this ideal of simultaneously observing individual rights and providing community protection faces greater strains than ever before. . . . It seems to me that we are in danger of a grievous imbalance in the administration of criminal justice."

Referring to the exclusionary rule of evidence on all states, Judge Lumbard asked: "How is private property to be protected unless the police have some power to question and to detain for a brief period where the answers are vague and unsatisfactory? Of what use is a 'finely developed radar for criminal activity' if the police officer cannot even talk to the suspect who in another minute may be out of sight and forever out of reach? . . . Is it in the public interest to make it more and more difficult for the police to solve crimes by undue restriction of their right to question and undue limitation of reasonable time which is needed to check and investigate? . . .

"Too often," said Judge Lumbard, "judges are not sufficiently and adequately informed about these matters, and yet it is the judges who are being required to shape the law in this field with little or no guidance from those who know most about the problems."

If the present trend continues, preventive police work may become virtually impossible.

There is evidence of a growing open defiance of the police and other duly constituted representatives of authority. In a number of cities, the police have found it increasingly difficult to protect the public.

There has been a wide distribution of statements emphasizing the *rights* of persons as guaranteed by our Constitution. This is proper. However, also needed is the wide distribution of a bill of duties and obligations of citizens—and these duties and obligations include reasonable co-operation by all persons with law-enforcement agencies.

A few months ago the U.S. Supreme Court upheld a decision of Chief Judge William J. Campbell of the U.S. District Court in Chicago. However, Chief Justice Earl Warren and associate Justices William Douglas and Hugo Black filed dissenting opinions.

In a formal statement, Judge Campbell said: "I am . . . presented with the unfortunate and unpleasant task of being required to comment on some of the thoughts and philosophy found in the dissenting opinions of learned justices of the Supreme Court. . . . Society must, of course, refrain from offending the personal rights of individuals, but accordingly, individuals must also be considered to owe certain obligations to society. It would indeed be refreshing for a change to hear a few expressions of sympathy and appreciation from those strong advocates of the rights of criminals for the federal agents who daily risk their lives to defend society from the ever-increasing violent activities of such criminals."

THE goal of a crime-free community depends on many factors. Perhaps most important of all is the private citizen's interest and vigilance, upon which the whole machinery of law enforcement and the administration of justice rest.

Several years ago, Ralph W. Sockman, then pastor of Christ Church (Methodist) in New York City, wrote: "The new era which we are now entering has been called 'the century of the common man.' The implication is that the dignity and value of the plain citizen are about to receive their long overdue recognition. But this devoutly desired goal cannot be attained without a democratizing of the sense of mission.

"The common man," said Dr. Sockman, "must accept his Bill of Responsibilities as well as claim his Bill of Rights."

Unless—and until—we begin placing as much emphasis on this bill of responsibilities as we do on the Bill of Rights, we will not make much headway in solving the crime problem.

Crime will continue to march on.

At a very early age, youngsters can be taught to say their prayers in their own words.

DOES YOUR CHILD PRAY?

By WILLO DAVIS ROBERTS

I WAS helping my friend Ruth DeCavit with her church-school class, 10 youngsters ages 3 to 5, when she told them that parents pray for their children—that they be protected while they play, for example, or be healed when they are ill. The children looked at her in astonishment.

"Oh, no," said Nathan. "When we're sick my mama takes us to the doctor."

"That's right," Ruth agreed. "But she prays also that God will help you get well."

This seemed to come as a revelation to the entire class, including my own son, Chris. Ruth and I were surprised, too. Surely these youngsters, all of whom came to church regularly with their parents, were not too young to grasp the concept of prayer. Any one of them could recite from memory an evening prayer such as "Now I lay me down to sleep" or "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me."

The more I thought about it, the more it bothered me. I wanted prayer to be an important part of my children's lives, as it is in mine. We teach them many things by example—good manners, good health habits, consideration for others, many physical actions. But except for teaching them to say a bedtime prayer, by rote, I had not helped my children learn the most important thing of all.

Prayer is, to most of us, a very personal and private thing. Our most earnest talks with God are in the privacy of our own rooms, or in the quiet of our church. The many small "Please, God's" and "Thank you, God's" I sprinkle through my day are silent ones, heard only by myself and him. How, then, would my children know how often I prayed, and what I prayed about?

At that time my husband and I were going through a very difficult period. We had been trying for two years to get enough stock to make our dairy ranch a profitable business. For 11 months we did not have a paycheck; our rent and cow payments were paid out by the creamery and we never saw a cent of the milk money.

My husband has a philosophy: "Work as if everything depends on you, and pray as if it all depends on the Lord." We were doing that, but sometimes it seemed as if it were not enough. We never went hungry, but there were many days when our monotonous diet almost killed our appetites. Sometimes we did not know what, if anything, we would have to eat the next day.

Naturally, we worried. It was impossible for the children not to know that there was no money for groceries, or shoes, or gasoline for extra trips to town, let alone for treats. We tried to concentrate on the promise Jesus made in the sixth chapter of Matthew:

Therefore do not be anxious, saying, "What shall we eat?" or "What shall we wear?" . . . Your heavenly father knows that you need them all. But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well.

Sometimes, when you cannot put

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

A little boy who was being very mischievous one day was asked by his mother: "How do you expect to get into heaven?"

He replied after a thoughtful pause: "Well, I'll just run in and keep slamming the door until they say, 'For goodness' sake, come in or stay out!' Then I'll go in."

—MRS. REA MILLER, *Lansing, Mich.*

•

Noah's sons were fishing off the stern of the Ark when Noah came up behind them. After silently watching for a few moments, he said: "Take it easy, boys. You know we have only two worms."

—A. J. OKTAVEC, *Macon, Ga.*

•

The farmer drove his team of mules to town and was late returning home.

"What took you so long?" asked his anxious wife.

"On the way back," he explained, "I had to pick up the minister, and from there on them mules didn't understand a thing I said."

—MRS. LEB ROWE, *Omaha, Nebr.*

•

Young Scott came home from church crying: "Christopher hit me and made my Sunday-school paper fall in a puddle of water. Do something about it, Mommy. Get after him."

"I'll speak to Chris when we see him next Sunday," I said.

"No, no, that won't do," he wailed. "We'll be *friends* by then!"

MRS. DOLORES MCCONNELL, *Roslyn, N.Y.*

•

TOGETHER *pays $5 for each church-related joke it accepts for publication. Do you have one you'd like to submit? Send it along, but no postage, please, rejected contributions cannot be returned.*—EDS.

a well-balanced meal on the table for your children, such faith is hard to hold onto. But hold onto it we did. Without the faith and strength we prayed for, and were given, I think I literally would have broken down.

But what about our children? Kathie is 12, David 10, Larrilyn 6, and Chris, 4. Even Chris understands when something is seriously wrong in a family. I found that even a four-year-old, led by the example of mother and father, can learn to pray. Just as today we offer thanks for our blessings, then we prayed together for help.

The youngsters learned that God does not always say "yes" (in which case we ask for strength to get along with what we have), and that we have to be patient, no matter how urgent matters seem to us, and wait for God to answer in his own time and in his own way.

OF course, children have different ideas about what is important. Larrilyn often wakes me in the night to ask me to pray with her for sleep undisturbed by frightening dreams. After that she is all right, and she really believes in the power of prayer.

One night Chris wound up his prayer this way: "And please, God, fix the television set." It had not worked for a year and a half, so I am sure the Lord understood his feelings. At any rate, it brought on an interesting family discussion about the kind of things you pray for, and we were able to get across (I think) the importance of our prayers being made on condition that "Not my will, but Thine, be done." That is not easy, even for an adult, but we are trying, and the children know we are trying.

We have made a point of saying to the children, instead of just between ourselves: "Well, if God wants us to do that, I am sure he will help us if we do all that we can to help ourselves." This helps us, and I think it helps the children, too.

I am not suggesting, of course, that you list all your problems and ask your youngsters to help pray over them. But when the problems are obvious even to the little ones, as in a family illness or a serious emotional or physical need, why shouldn't they learn to know the comfort of asking God for help and trusting to him to give what is best?

We make a point, too, of letting our children know we give thanks for God's help and for his blessings. And sometimes we point out how much better things turned out in God's own way, and in His good time, than if our prayers had been answered the way we had in mind.

I now have a church-school class of my own, 14 third and fourth graders, and at first I found that these children, too, were not aware of the prayer that went out in their behalf. But our discussions have revealed that such prayer is gratifying and comforting to them, and they are learning to think in terms beyond bedtime prayers said from memory. They are learning to make prayer an all-day part of their lives, to talk to God often, and to rely on him for help in doing their best in the things that are important to them.

I believe their families are learning, as ours has, that children's prayers strengthen the parents' faith and draw all members of the family close in Christian love.

BEDTIME FOR BOBBY

When prayers are said, he snuggles down,
With barely time to chirp, "Good-night,"
Before his drowsy eyelids droop,
As he drifts off in downy flight.

Relaxed and utterly secure,
He rests in faith; while folks grown older
Attempt to keep their world of cares
Heaped Atlas-like upon their shoulder.

—GAIL BROOK BURKET

The 11 stair-step Colwells line up: Ronnie, 7, Janet, 8, Richard, 9, Nancy, 10, Lynda, 11, Susan, 12, Bill, 13, Steven, 14, Jeanne, 15, and their parents, Louise, 36, and Robert, 42.

People Called Methodists No. 33

The Robert Colwells:

One BIG Happy Family

At the Monsanto Research Center in St. Louis, Bob studied new products for the building trades. At Durham, his new assignment is in synthetic fiber processing.

TO HEAR Louise Colwell talk, you would think rearing nine children a breeze. It isn't, of course, but the calm, good humor and the efficient, firm-but-not-rigid organization of Mrs. Colwell and her husband make it seem so.

Systematic procedure comes naturally to Robert Colwell. A research scientist, he has been on the staff of Monsanto Chemical Company since 1945, first in Springfield, Mass., recently in St. Louis, Mo., and now in Durham, N.C. His current field of research: synthetic fiber processing.

When TOGETHER's photographer made the photos on these pages, the 11 Colwells occupied a comfortable old nine-room home called Windhaven at the edge of Eureka, Mo. They presently are in the midst of moving to North Carolina, but little else about them has changed.

The big, busy household functions by a one-word formula: cooperation. Sometimes the jobs are preassigned by a duty roster; other times, Mrs. Colwell simply exercises executive authority. The four boys, with direction from their farm-reared (in Rhode Island) father, tend the sizable garden. The five girls prepare desserts, clean the house, and wash the dishes.

Special Colwellian techniques effect budget economies. They buy beef by the side and milk in five-gallon cans; they store meat, fruit, and garden produce in a large home freezer; Bob cuts the boys' hair. Family clothing bills, however, run high. As Louise notes ruefully: "We would pass clothes down to the next youngest, but usually they're worn out by the time they're outgrown."

Starting a half-mile hike to meet the school bus, young Colwells wave good-bye to their mother. When Ronnie, the youngest, started school, Mrs. Colwell noted, "It sure did seem quiet." Stimulated by reading and hobby projects at home, all nine are good students.

BOB AND Louise Colwell never have allowed the size of their family to limit activities. Exhibit A supporting that conclusion is "the bus"—a one-of-a-kind vehicle Bob built in 1958 with the help of friends [see pictures, page 20].

Starting with a stripped-down truck chassis, he fashioned the 19-foot body of reinforced fiber glass, equipped it with fold-down seats for 12. Used daily, it also takes all 11 Colwells on vacation camping trips as far from home as Colorado's Rockies, New York's Catskills, and Cape Cod.

Reading, too, long has been a family enterprise. Bob and Louise began reading to the older children when they were small, and they in turn read to the younger siblings. A television set was provided in the home for the first time just a year ago last Christmas. Its use, however, is under firm parental supervision, and the children still read avidly.

Young Colwells never lack for playmates, and enjoying outdoor life is a family characteristic. Here, Janet, eight, leaps energetically in an impromptu jumping contest.

Taking her turn at preparing dessert for the family, Susan, 12, takes cookies from the oven. Eleven-year-old Lynda helped out—by licking the mixer beaters.

Spring gardening began early when the Colwells lived at Eureka. Here Bill, 13, gouges a long (and straight!) row; and Steve, 14, follows up, dropping in seeds.

Television-viewing is restricted: Choice of channels is by majority vote; shows watched and time spent must be recorded. Leisure time, the parents insist, still must include reading. Outings to visit the bookmobile were made weekly in Eureka.

A rare moment of quiet regularly precedes the evening meal as the family bows for grace. They long ago outgrew the dining-room table, and younger members now eat from individual trays. Guests are frequently invited for Sunday-afternoon picnics during summer months.

METHODISTS in Eureka will not soon forget Bob and Louise Colwell and their nine lively children. Not just because the family is larger than most, their departure left yawning gaps in the church family. The Colwells made major contributions to church life, more important than their numbers.

Before moving to North Carolina, Bob took part in ground-breaking services for the church's new educational building—a project to which he had devoted many hours of planning as building committee chairman. (This was in addition to his duties as lay leader of the church.)

Louise's moving away creates vacancies in the choir, children's division teaching staff, and Woman's Society. The children, of course, participated in youth activities according to their ages.

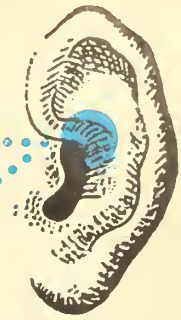
It was little wonder, then, that Eureka Pastor Robert C. Bingenheimer wrote so dolefully to tell TOGETHER of the Colwells' move: "The church and the entire community will miss this outstanding family!"

A regular teacher in the Eureka church school, Louise Colwell was also organizer of a Woman's Society evening circle for mothers of young children.

As head of the building committee, Bob Colwell (left) contributed valuable experience and many hours in planning the church's new educational unit.

Eleven Colwells fit comfortably in "Janet," the family-size car, for rides to church or for the camping vacations they take each year.

Never Plead Poor Mouth



The chronic maker of poor mouth casts shadows by claiming that 'everybody else gets all the breaks.' But have you slipped into this trap yourself?

By FRANCES TURNER

FOR AS LONG as I can remember, one of the highlights of every year has been the family reunion at which we dredge up the old family jokes and catch up on all the recent happenings.

One year we gathered at the home of Aunt Addie, the family's 90-year-old matriarch. We were laughing and exclaiming over Cousin Celie's beautiful wedding, Cousin Mattie's new house, and Uncle Dan's new car, when Uncle Henry drawled:

"Me an' my folks got nothin' like that to brag on, o' course. We just git along the best way we can with our ramshackle, old house and the same old jalopy."

The glow faded from several faces as his weary lament floated from the end of the room.

"Reckon it's the Lord's will," Uncle Henry droned on. "It's always been the same fer us—rocky soil, no rain—"

The violent tapping of Aunt Addie's cane interrupted.

"I wouldn't rain on you either, if I was the Lord!" she snapped.

Drawing herself up to her full five feet, she looked about at the faces of old and young around her.

"This has always been a fair-to-middlin' family," she said. "We've put up with drunkards and fools. We've tolerated wife-beaters and horse thieves. But in the entire family connection there's never been a single critter that's made a poor mouth—and the first one that does will be no kin of mine!"

Aunt Addie's wise ultimatum came home to me again just the other day. My son had saved for a new bike for years, and he glowed with excitement as he wheeled it out to show his friends.

The little boy from the well-to-do family on the corner wandered over. Rubbing his hands admiringly over the handlebars, he sighed, "I don't suppose I'll ever get a new bike. My dad won't buy me things like that anymore."

A few minutes later, my son came into the house, banging the door behind him. The pride and happiness had washed from his face.

"Jimmy smashed up two bikes, so his dad won't buy him another one," he said unhappily. "He makes me feel guilty because I have a new one and he doesn't. I'm never going to play with him again. He's a poor mouth!"

The chronic maker of poor mouth is not usually the true victim of real deprivation or misfortune. People who have known real hardships hold their mouths firm and proud. The poor mouth wants to eat his cake and keep it whole in the pantry, too.

Yet anyone can fall into the trap. I made a poor mouth yesterday myself.

A neighbor whose husband died not long ago dropped in to tell me of the European trip she is planning. I've always dreamed of traveling, so I listened with a growing sense of frustration.

"You'll make a trip like this yourself, some day," she said sympathetically.

"Oh," I heard myself say, "I don't suppose I'll ever go any farther from home than the supermarket. I'm so tied down with four youngsters. By the time I get them all raised I'll be in the poorhouse."

The sparkle faded from my friend's eyes and the sweetness in her voice froze.

"Then why don't you sell them," she snapped, "and use the money for a trip?"

I felt a pain inside and caught a glimpse of my face in the mirror. My mouth was sagging drearily at the corners—a poor mouth!

I looked about at my noisy, wriggling brood. Would I have traded them for a trip to Europe?

I knew that my friend loved children and had yearned for some of her own. I was really more fortunate than she ever could be. Yet, because I could not live her life and my own, too, I was pleading poor mouth. It's so easy to make a permanent poor mouth.

Aunt Addie has long gone to a land where no one makes a poor mouth. My family is growing up. Perhaps, some day, I will take my place as the family arbiter. If so, I, too, will say to those who gather round me:

"We've had drunkards, and we've had fools. We've put up with wife-beaters, and we've tolerated horse thieves. But the fellow who pleads poor mouth will be no kin of mine!"

In Appalachia, he takes the Gospel where needs are greatest, resources fewest. To do it, he became a

The Rev. John Lewis visits with a customer before the Jackson store.

Preacher Behind a Bargain Counter

By HERMAN B. TEETER

ONE MORNING recently a mountain mother, followed by two barefoot tykes, walked into a store at Jackson, Ky., and stood before a table loaded with children's shoes. The customer's shabby dress, shy manner, and care-lined face told a familiar story as she selected two pairs and handed a coin to Mrs. E. P. Stivers, the clerk.

"I got only half a dollar, ma'am," the mountain woman said.

Mrs. Stivers hardly hesitated before wrapping the shoes—valued at several times 50¢.

"Maybe I shouldn't have sold them so cheap," she told Ace Hubbard, a coworker, who had watched the transaction from the back of the store. "But that's all the money she had!"

"I know," Hubbard replied. "I gave it to her."

Jackson's unique Opportunity Store is actually a business house, not a charitable institution, although sometimes you'd find that hard to believe. Selling two pairs of good shoes for half a dollar won't solve the economic and social woes besetting the hardy, resourceful people of the Appalachian highlands, one of America's principal depressed areas. But it is one positive step taken by Methodist Mountain Missions in Kentucky and the founder-supervisor, the Rev. John Howell Lewis.

The store at Jackson—one of six in as many counties of eastern Kentucky—sells usable goods at low prices to low-income families. It stands across the street from the Breathitt County courthouse and, appropriately, is only a stone's throw from First Methodist Church, where Mr. Lewis was pastor before beginning the mission program some 20 years ago.

The greater need, he saw, was not in his big Jackson church with its substantial membership and comparative comfort but in the remote backwoods where there were no churches, where the specter of growing unemployment and want fed on the hearts and souls of a once self-sufficient people.

In brief, he proposed to go over the hills and follow the creeks into the isolated hollows where the needs were greatest and resources fewest. It would be an evangelistic program, and it could be self-supporting, he told his bishop and district superintendent.

The year was 1943. Then, as now, there was nothing wrong with the economy of Appalachia that job opportunities would not correct. Mr. Lewis knew that thousands were left with little or no income as mines

"Mamma, here comes the preacher-man!" Two children, typical of Appalachia's finest, hurry the news of a pastoral call at their mountain home.

closed and the lumbering industry began to withdraw. He knew, too, that a great many families, essentially religious, were isolated from any church. And he knew that the Christian leadership was steadily draining away as Appalachia's brightest young people were forced to seek opportunities beyond the hills.

A widower at 65, energetic, silver-haired John H. Lewis was named Kentucky's 1962 Rural Minister of the Year. His part-time role, however, is as a businessman. I talked with him one day two blocks from the Jackson store in a warehouse where workers unloaded one of three trucks used by Mountain Missions to collect used furniture, clothing, and other items from Methodist churches in a three-conference area.

"Already we need a much larger warehouse where we can store and process the things low-income families can use," he said, motioning toward mountains of secondhand articles that rise higher and higher as one walks into the dim recesses of the warehouse. "We have just about everything here—everything from false teeth to radios. We have stoves and pianos, tricycles and washing machines, Bibles and encyclopedias, suits, coats, dresses, shoes, tables, clocks, skates, refrigerators. You name it . . ."

If the 20-year history of Methodist Mountain Missions in Kentucky is any indication of the future, Mr. Lewis will get the warehouse he needs to back up a business that has improved every year. For a project that began with a prayer before it was a shoestring, growth has been spectacular.

"Last year we had this store and three others in nearby counties; this year we have six. Last year our total sales came to $58,694; this year we can report $69,089. Last year we employed 19 people; this year we have 32 on the payroll, and I think that makes us the biggest employer in town.

"In addition, we give a lot of work to shoe repairers, radio shops, garages, and service stations."

But the visitor must not forget for one minute that there is one, and only one, purpose behind the enterprise: *to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ in the mountains of eastern Kentucky.*

This takes a great deal of money. Store sales, coupled with donations, Advance Special funds (which totaled $8,516 last year), and income from all other sources, gave the mission $93,846 last year. The money is used to operate and maintain the trucks and three school buses that run on regular routes on a three-church circuit. It pays Mr. Lewis' modest salary and that of 32 employees, many of whom might not have jobs otherwise. It furnishes, heats, and repairs mountain churches, not only in Breathitt County but in more than a dozen other localities. It buys time—30 minutes every Sunday afternoon—on a Breathitt County radio station, WMTC; pays the salaries of two associate pastors, the Rev. Sam Knox and the Rev. Seldon Short, and helps boost the salaries of others in several counties of Eastern Kentucky.

For three days last summer, I made the rounds with Mr. Lewis. As the narrow road dipped and curved through the mountains, we saw the high, stilt-support cabins of Appalachia above and below us; we stopped at little country stores, their fronts decorated with signs advertising soft drinks, baking powder, and tobacco; we noted, helter-skelter along the right-of-way, the shells of abandoned automobiles. Always the densely forested mountaintops towered over tiny fields of corn, potatoes, and tobacco where sun-browned men and bonneted women seemed constantly bent over their tasks.

We crossed several bridges, took another side road, and pulled up in front of Hampton Methodist Church. A yellow school bus and several automobiles stood around the white building, once a school but remodeled in 1948 by the mission. This church, with a growing membership of 80 where once there was no church,

At Sweeney's store and post office, Mr. Lewis stops to chat with the proprietor (seated center), a lay leader.

At the Wolverine church: "Great changes have taken place in my 20 years," says Mr. Lewis. "New roads and churches are opening up. Methodism must keep pace."

was Mr. Lewis' first sermon stop of the morning. I was impressed by the people I saw, and said so.

Mr. Lewis smiled, and nodded. "Most of us couldn't possibly survive if we were suddenly placed in the jobless condition of many men I know who have large families and live in the mountains. There are many here with incomes of only a few hundred dollars a year who take food from a small garden. Not only do they survive, if given half a chance, they flourish."

In the early days, he said, he preached in houses, stores, fields, and on front porches. He even held services in the first school bus purchased with money from the store.

Hard times, as among the hills and hollows of eastern Kentucky, are nothing new to the Virginia-born minister. The youngest of 12 children, he grew up on a none-too-prosperous farm. At 17, with $75 earned largely as a farm laborer, he enrolled in Asbury Academy, Wilmore, Ky., where he received his A.B. degree. His first appointment in 1921 was the six-church Meadow Creek Charge in the Kentucky mountains, with subsequent appointment to another mountain station at Jenkins, Ky., near the Virginia line. He enrolled in Biblical Seminary, New York, in 1925, and went on to receive his M.A. degree at Emory University in 1927.

From the mountains, Mr. Lewis moved into the prosperous bluegrass country near Perryville, Ky., where his was one of four churches in a town of about 400 people. He became convinced that he was not needed "in a place like Perryville where churches can take care of themselves." Just the same, his decision to leave this type of ministry was not an easy one—he had a wife and four daughters to support.

Three weeks before the annual conference of 1943, Mr. Lewis went to Nebraska to talk to a friend, Mrs. C. J. Malmsten, who not only gave him his first month's salary in advance, but agreed to continue the checks for three years if he went ahead with his plan for Methodist Mountain Missions in Kentucky.

Appalachia: A Major Depressed Area

THE SOUTHERN Appalachian Mountain region, covering portions of 6 states, includes 230 countries and approximately 7 million people. This is too many people for mining and agriculture—the chief means of livelihood—to support. As a result, Appalachia has become a major depressed area.

Methodist leadership has long been aware that the church must share any guilt for recent social, religious, and educational apathy in this rugged region. Forty years ago, Methodists ranked second to Southern Baptists in numbers, but in recent years the membership has grown less than half as fast as that in many other denominations.

Methodism's Southeastern Jurisdictional Council met at Lake Junaluska, N.C., in August, 1962, to map plans for concerted church action. Present to point out the way was Dr. W. D. Weatherford of Berea College.

"What the Appalachian people need is more opportunity for creative activity," said the 84-year-old educator whose long-time studies of the region have made him an authority.

In his book, *Life and Religion in Southern Appalachia*, written in collaboration with Dr. Earl Brewer of Emory University, Dr. Weatherford expressed concern because the church has not taken a more active leadership in helping the people of Appalachia develop their potential.

The Scotch-Irish, he said, brought to America a rigid faith, dauntless courage, independence, self-reliance, and an exaggerated determination to live for themselves. They had an intense love of freedom and genuine moral ideals, along with a reticence and a great shyness in expressing their feelings. Theirs had to be a dogged persistence and a willingness to labor long and hard for success.

"The very fact that people migrating from Europe to America plunged at once into the mountain forests is good evidence that they already had qualities of heroism in them," Drs. Weatherford and Brewer wrote.

"It must be conceded," they continued, "that mountain people, through their social heritage, have long been disciplined to live with more dignity on much smaller incomes that most Americans today can conceive as possible.

"People are completely mistaken who think that a six or eight-member mountain family of the present decade would sink into barbarous living if it had an income of only $1,000 a year, or who draw the hasty conclusion that poverty always means deterioration of dignity."

On the eve of the 1964 General Conference, beginning in Pittsburgh, April 26, Methodist leaders are seeking to establish an interjurisdictional committee to co-ordinate a program of aid to the Appalachian region. A tentative committee, known as Appalachian Task Force, will promote the program until the conference meets. Bishop Paul N. Garber of Richmond, Va., is chairman, and Dr. James Sells of Atlanta is secretary.

"The purpose shall be to build the kingdom of God in the mountains of Kentucky through evangelism, Christian education, and social service," the constitution reads. "It shall be financed by the sale of used clothes and other used articles.

"Its policies and programs shall be in keeping and in co-operation with the Board of Missions, Church Extension, and the district superintendent in whose territory it works."

A mission in Appalachia was nothing new. For years the area had been mission territory for several denominations. But the establishment of Methodist stores—doing work not unlike that of Goodwill Industries and the Salvation Army in the cities—was unique in the mountains. Today, Methodist Mountain Missions in Kentucky is a part of the Board of Missions of the Kentucky Conference and is approved by the Division of National Missions.

At the start, there was one large question: would Jackson merchants resent a church-sponsored business selling goods far below competitive prices?

"Well, for a number of years," Mr. Lewis explains, "the chairman of Methodist Mountain Missions was V. J. Chapman, the manager of the largest dry goods store in Jackson."

Merchants in other communities also have co-operated. There are stores at Vicco, Perry County; Evarts, Harlan County; Barbourville, Knox County; McKee, Jackson County; and Martin, Floyd County.

Although little financial assistance comes from individuals outside the conference, there are occasional contributions. A Methodist Youth Fellowship group in Weldon, Ill., recently sent $30.79.

"For a week we ate only bread and milk for lunch," the letter read, "and gave our lunch money (35¢ each) into a fund to be used for mission services. . . . We voted for the money to go to you."

An unexpected "contribution" came from another source. One day, while cleaning under a cobwebby counter purchased for the Jackson store, an employee found $1,000 in bills wrapped in paper. The money was traced to the former owner, a merchant, who insisted that the mission accept $500 and gave $500 to Lee's College in Jackson.

In the early 1940s, the mountain minister collected used goods from Methodist churches and, loading them into a small trailer behind his car, hauled them to Jackson. Soon the first truck was purchased for $2,000.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lewis conducted revivals, and in October, 1944, he began holding church school in an old schoolhouse in the Wolverine community. A year later, the mission bought a used school bus for $1,534.60. Services were held in the bus until a new church was built at Wolverine.

When fire destroyed the Wolverine church, it was rebuilt. The Hampton church (1948) was followed by Bach Memorial in 1959 and completed Mr. Lewis' circuit. Mrs. Lewis, who died in 1960, organized active

With sweet water from the well just outside the kitchen door, Mr. Lewis baptizes Jim Robertson in the latter's mountain cabin. Mrs. Robertson (right), baptized on a previous visit, is severely crippled by arthritis and is comfortable only while sitting on the side of her bed. Because of poor health, she has not left the hill for about five years.

Woman's Society groups at both Hampton and Wolverine.

The religious life of mountain people is a paradox. While only half belong to or even attend church, mountain people are religious by nature.

"The great need," said Mr. Lewis, "is better churches with better leadership. Too many churches have supply preachers who may not have the time or training to work effectively in this field."

"These mountain folk are good Christian people. Many are unbaptized, to be sure, but they are good folks and good neighbors who have faith in Christ and read the Bible regularly even though they are denied a church life."

The minister and I visited one such couple in their humble cabin high on a mountain overlooking a deep valley. Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson, now in their 70s, live alone with a mule and dog. Mr. Lewis had baptized Mrs. Robertson on a previous visit, and had talked to her husband about giving his life to Christ.

To reach them, we toiled up a dim path so steep that I had to grasp bushes along the way to keep from tumbling downhill. Jim Robertson was sitting on a log bench under a shade tree when we approached. He came hobbling to meet us, using a wooden pole for a staff.

"Hit's not often that we have company up here, Preacher," he said, shaking hands and offering us the hospitality of his bench. He told us why he had built his cabin here in 1917: "Hit's a lot cooler up here in the summer, fer one thing."

"Sounds reasonable," said Mr. Lewis.

"Now jest look at that view down there! I like to sit out here and look at my view. And do you know another thing? I had to come up here to git away from the high water. Do you see that two story house 'way down thar 'tother side of the corn patch? Why, I've seen water pour into that second story winder when the creek rampages.

"Mrs. Robertson," he said, "is porely and can't git around much any more."

Mrs. Martha Hays: Her Christian leadership at Hampton, typical of others on the mountain circuit, gives new life to a church which once had little.

"I don't reckon we could git along without my mule," he said. To bring supplies up the precipitous hillside he had made a sled of boards and planks. Supplies loaded into the sled at the bottom of the mountain were pulled up to the house by the sturdy animal Mr. Robertson described "as the best friend I've got in the world."

One of the cabin's four rooms was a combination sleeping and living room with a mountaineer's inevitable guns, some old calendars, and a few pictures on the papered walls. One picture was of an elderly woman in a sunbonnet.

"That's my precious mother, God bless her soul," Mr. Robertson said. "Soon I hope to join her in heaven."

He began to weep as he talked of his mother.

"Do you want me to baptize you this time, Mr. Robertson?" the preacher asked.

"Now's as good a time as any, I reckon."

The elderly man knelt, still weeping, as Mr. Lewis administered the Methodist baptismal service from memory. Then we walked out into the sunlight again, and I looked down into the deep well near the kitchen door. Lush ferns grew all the way down to sweet mountain water 15 feet below. Later we sat in the shade again, looking at the summer world far below where a creek meandered around the shoulder of another mountain.

"My Lord Jesus is with me up here," Mr. Robertson said. "He is sitting right by my side, and I know it. We are not alone up here."

Leaving the Robertsons and the mountain, we drove in silence through the onrushing greenery of Appalachia. The elderly couple, it seemed to me, symbolized the earlier generations who had left a mark on the mountains through their resourcefulness, pride, and adaptability. Appalachia could not produce many more of their kind, for times have changed since Jim Robertson and his bride moved to their mountaintop.

When we stopped at another mountain home, laughing blond children raced to meet us across a footbridge, their bare feet flashing in the sunlight. These were the kind of children we had seen in their Sunday best at the Hampton and Wolverine churches. Here was health, happiness, and the eagerness of youth in the absence of wealth and opportunity. These children were the other symbol of Appalachia—the one that really counts, the one that worries the nation and the church today.

Would these young people, too, have to leave their beloved mountains, as some 2 million others have done? Would the brook, the trees, the garden—that long clean view down a valley—disappear from their lives, only to be replaced by a factory at the end of a busy city street?

I asked the Rev. John Lewis if the Christian church can ever hope to provide enough dedicated souls to help lead the children of Appalachia into a Promised Land that could exist at their own doorsteps.

"I do not know," he said, his eyes fixed on cloudlands high over the mountains.

"But it is marvelous how God can provide for us and work things out for us when we let him have his way and surrender completely to his will."

Under Pope Paul VI, the accent is on unity, with a new friendly attitude toward the Protestant 'Separated Brethren.' Here is a firsthand report from Rome, prepared as . . .

The Vatican Council Gets Down to Issues

By C. STANLEY LOWELL, Executive Director
Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State

ONE OF the major concerns* of Vatican II Council in Rome is Christian unity. This relates not only to unity within the Roman Catholic Church but to unity among all Christian bodies. The latter is receiving much attention at the council.

Many of the prelates at the council express concern for the "separated brethren," as Protestants are called. This concern is new. There was no sign of it even 10 years ago.

Previously the Roman Catholic attitude was one of invincible indifference toward Protestants: if the latter did not like what Rome did, it was just too bad. Now that has been changed. There is a feeling for what Protestants think and how they will react.

When the initial Counter Reformation policy of force against Protestants failed, it was superseded by a "come home" appeal. This acknowledged that the Reformation had some merit, but argued that since the major grievances had been rectified, everyone should resume his rightful place in the true church. This stratagem likewise failed, and the separation between the churches was wider and deeper than before.

Now Rome has adopted a totally new strategy—a welcome to entire Protestant communions. The Vatican talks about the reunion of all Christian bodies—the "separated churches"—into the one Church of Jesus Christ.

A Methodist minister, the author went to Rome last fall to report on the council. He since has been on an extensive speaking tour across the U.S.

The council reconvened last September 29 on this ecumenical note. Pope Paul VI, in an unprecedented gesture, addressed part of his opening allocution directly to the Protestant observers. He asked their pardon for the wrongs of the Counter Reformation† and expressed the hope that "true brotherly peace" would henceforth prevail.

The presence of 48 official Protestant observers at Vatican II marked another precedent. The observers had the advantage of on-the-spot translations of the Latin proceedings into their own language; also the privilege of meetings with the council's theological experts, to whom they could advance their suggestions.

It was, however, the amazing number and variety of ecumenical concerns which impressed everyone.

Ecumenical overtones reverberated whenever the role of the laity entered the discussion. One could sense a growing realization among the council fathers of the amazement occasioned in other churches by the almost complete lack of lay participation in the decisive matters of the Roman Catholic Church.

In the first sessions of Vatican II, there was just 1 official lay observer—compared with more than 2,300 bishops in daily attendance. In the second session, there were 10 accredited lay observers at the start, and 3 others have been added since. Of course, they are observers only and cannot vote.

As for women observers, there were none, Catholic or Protestant. Although the heads of all the men's monastic orders were present, there was not even one woman occupying a comparable post.

Ecumenism reared its head in the discussion of missions. Was it in keeping with the ecumenical spirit to try to convert Protestants;

* *Among the major concerns are (1) the nature of the church (including changes in the liturgy to allow mass to be celebrated in the language of the people), (2) decentralization (whereby diocesan bishops would be allowed to participate in matters relating to the entire church), (3) the expanding role of the laity, and (4) Christian unity.*—EDS.

† *The Counter Reformation—also known as the Catholic Reformation—focused principally on the Council of Trent (1545-1563), which rejected all Protestant Reformation tenets and redefined Catholic doctrine to strengthen the authority and influence of the church.*—EDS.

were they not Christians already? If so, why divert effort and expense to missions to Protestants? Father John B. Sheerin, whose Paulist order majors in conversion effort, stated that his group had decided to concentrate their efforts on reaching the unchurched.

Strange twists in ecumenism! Certain Protestant leaders have urged the abandonment of Protestant missionary programs in Latin America on the ground that this area was already Christian—that is, Roman Catholic. Now Roman leadership faces the problem in reverse.

Ecumenism can backfire. The question kept arising as to whether Protestants belong to the church. John Cardinal Lecaro of Bologna, Italy, reminded the fathers of the church's longtime teaching that persons who had received Christian Baptism were in some sense Catholics.

Quite unwittingly, perhaps, the cardinal had exposed one of the severest hardships Protestants have to endure in predominantly Roman Catholic countries like Spain. Marriage in Spain is under the control of the Roman Church. According to the terms of canon law, Protestant marriage ceremonies have no legal status in Spain.*

A civil marriage ceremony theoretically is available to Protestants. But if they have been baptized at all, they are regarded as Catholic. This means that the only marriage ceremony available to them is one before a priest, with all the commitments which inhere in such a marriage. In such a case, a Protestant must "prove" to the satisfaction of the priest in charge that he is not a Roman Catholic. Often his permission for a civil ceremony may be delayed indefinitely.

The matter of the Protestant churches came into discussion. How would the Roman Catholic Church make its approach to Protestants? As individual Christians or as churches? After all, several speakers pointed out, Protestants preach Christ, make converts to Christianity, observe Sacraments, carry out the work of Christ. In what sense is all this valid work and to what degree can the Roman Catholic Church relate itself to it?

One of the major schemata [topics selected for discussion] of the council dealt with Christian marriage. Here lay perhaps the most painful issue of all for ecumenical relations—the insistence of the Roman Catholic Church that if one of its members is married before a Protestant minister, his marriage is "invalid"; and also the commitments demanded by that church of a Protestant who desires to marry a Catholic before a priest.† The patent injustice of these demands make many a Catholic cringe. Father Hans Küng, the Tübingen professor who serves as a theological expert at the council, has publicly urged the withdrawal of such requirements upon the Protestant. Richard Cardinal Cushing, archbishop of Boston, has agreed. Vatican II might take such a step. Nothing it could do would be more helpful to Protestant-Catholic relations.

WHAT about birth control? This topic is due for extended discussion under Christian marriage. Does the new contraceptive pill violate "the natural law"? Was the papal encyclical of 1930,** which committed the church against birth control, an infallible pronouncement? In many Protestant churches, ministers regard it as a part of their Christian responsibility to counsel persons about to be married on intelligent family planning.

There is hardly a session in which ecumenical considerations are not raised by the council fathers. But the big one towers over all the rest. The specter that bedevils all Protestant-Catholic relations is papal infallibility. This is acknowledged, but it is felt even more than it is acknowledged. That 1870 dogma, the most authoritative kind of pronouncement in the Roman Church, states that when a pope speaks in his role as the successor of Peter (*ex cathedra*), he cannot be in error. His pronouncements must be accepted without question by all the faithful. Protestants will never accept this; nor will the Orthodox Christians. What can be done?

Pope Paul's opening address was both discouraging and encouraging at this point. He said that the true church could not exist save "in the organic harmony of a single ecclesiastical control." That seemed to leave little room for Protestants. He stated also that papal infallibility must be "taken for granted."

But then he opened the door. Not wide, but he opened it. The dogma of papal infallibility, he said, had yet to be perfected. This would be a major task of Vatican II. The dogma would be perfected, in the first instance, through the development of the leadership of the bishops as a college. This would mean "a more effective and responsible collaboration with our beloved brothers [the bishops]," Pope Paul said. He added that this would be worked out "in ways to be determined."

What is going on in Vatican II is the cautious and tentative effort to create alongside the Roman Curia (the pope's administrative agencies) another posture of power. One bishop after another protested that the furthest thing from his mind was to curtail in any way the power of the popes over the church. Their negative chorus silhouetted the positive undertaking, and the Pope cautiously assented.

Out of this council will emerge a Roman Catholic Church that will be *to some extent* less centralized, more regionally autonomous, and more free for prompt reaction and action. This will be accomplished by developing the functions of the bishops as a college. It may also be undertaken in other ways not yet foreseen. This is how something that cannot be changed is changed!

Here is an "opening to the left" that will be observed with consummate interest by the leaders and members of all churches. The Roman Catholic Church does move.

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* *See* What of Protestants in the 'New' Spain? *October, 1963, page 30.*—Eds.

† *Canon law forbids the marriage of a Roman Catholic with a non-Catholic. However, a dispensation for such a marriage may be obtained on condition that there be no other marriage ceremony, that the non-Catholic member promise to allow the Catholic partner complete freedom in the practice of religion, and that all children be reared in the Roman Catholic faith. See* If My Daughter Should Want to Marry a Catholic, *November, 1956, page 27; and* When Protestant and Catholic Marry, *October, 1959, page 76.*—Eds.

** Casti Connubii, *issued by Pope Pius XI December 31, 1930, dealing with Christian marriage.*—Eds.

For additional analyses of the Vatican II Council, see The Pope Extends His Hand, *by Bishop Fred P. Corson, January, 1963, page 43;* How We Agree/Differ, *January, 1963, page 45;* Which Roman Catholicism? *by José Míguez, August, 1963, page 12.*—Eds.

THE 1963 METHODIST UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE ALL-AMERICAN ELEVENS

By FRED RUSSELL
Sports Editor, *The Nashville Banner*

Methodist schools faced some of the nation's top teams. SMU stopped Navy's star back, Roger Staubach (above), to win 32-28 at Dallas.

LOOKING BEHIND the refinements seen during the 95th season of collegiate football, we imagine that fundamentally the game of long ago was not strikingly different from today's sport of the brawny and brave.

True, back in the dawn of gridiron history, sports information directors had not been invented to publicize worthy athletes and make coverage of games more pleasant for sports writers. But while publicists are a relatively new breed, football, we're certain, has always had humor to relieve tense moments, heroism on the field, and coaches who consistently offer "good copy."

There probably was someone like Duffy Daugherty, Michigan State's witty coach, to point out the fallacy that football is a contact sport. "Dancing is a contact sport," said Daugherty last fall. "Football is a collision sport."

Years ago, too, there probably were pigskin prognosticators who late in the season wondered why they stuck out their necks. Speaking of a prediction that went awry, I picked Southern California to repeat as national champion. When the Trojans lost two straight games early in the season and gave up city blocks of yardage, Coach John McKay commented, "We probably will lead the nation in pass defense. Our defense against rushing is so bad no one has to throw against us."

The late Willie Heston of Michigan, who played football 60 years ago, said before his death last September: "We had every play used today except the pass. We ran from the T. We shifted. We used balanced and unbalanced lines. We learned assignments for over 50 plays."

Through the years, coaches have constantly sought, above all, young men with an innate desire to hit and, more recently, those who also can move quickly.

The type is described rather inelegantly but vividly in this anonymous poem:

Give me a dozen blunt-nosed boys,
And I'll build you a football team.
I want physiques, not Back Bay beats,
To fructify my dreams.
Give me the guys with mugs like pies,
With legs like plunging pistons.
It's not my duty to safeguard beauty,
That point I must insist on.
The guy who rams a touchdown home,
Must be the kind of feller,
Who gives his all to tote the ball,
Without regard for his smeller.

The rapidly rising interest in football years ago prompted the first cry of overemphasis. The famous

JOHN HUGHES
Center, SMU

JACK CVERCKO
G., Northwestern

BILL BUDNESS
Guard, Boston U.

WAYNE FARMER
Tackle, Chattanooga

TOM WILHELM
Tackle, Syracuse

CHUCK LOGAN
End, Northwestern

STAN CRISSON
End, Duke

TOM MYERS
QB, Northwestern

JOHN RODERICK
HB, So. Methodist

MIKE CURTIS
FB, Duke

University

Halfback Jay Wilkinson, son of Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson, is a Duke speedster.

SECOND UNIVERSITY ELEVEN

	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	Kelly Sargent	Chattanooga
T	Chuck Walker	Duke
G	Bill Lesinski	Boston U.
C	Ed Conti	Syracuse
G	Ronnie Cosper	SMU
T	John Knee	SMU
E	George Burman	Northwestern
Q	Walley Mahle	Syracuse
H	Willie Stinson	Northwestern
H	Bill Hunter	Syracuse
F	Jim Nance	Syracuse

sports writer, Grantland Rice, defended the game with these memorable lines:

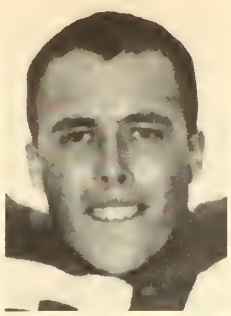
Perhaps I'm overfeatured
In the headline's stirring plea,
Perhaps I'm more important
Than a mere man ought to be,
But with all the sins they speak of,
And the list is quite a span,
I'm the soul of college spirit,
And the maker of a man.

Great football coaches through the years have demanded discipline while instilling fierce pride in their players and, at the same time, dispensing sweetenings of warmth and humor. The spirit they inspire flourishes on the principle that you don't let your coaches down.

DICK DEAN
Center, DePauw

BOB HINCHLIFFE
Guard, Mount Union

GERRY HANZIE
T., Ohio Northern

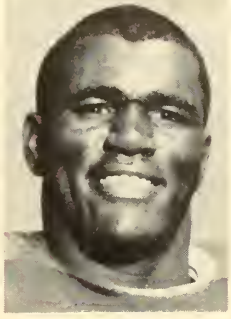


BRUCE ANDERSON
Tackle, Willamette

DAVE DEMCHAK
End, Ohio Wesleyan

LES ROSS
End, Puget Sound

STEVE SIMONTON
QB, Allegheny



J. B. ELZY
FB, Albion

SETH KELLER
HB, Lycoming

EARL HAWKINS
HB, Emory-Henry

College

SECOND COLLEGE ELEVEN

	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	William Dolde	Allegheny
T	Larry Shinn	Baldwin-Wallace
G	Bill Bryant	Emory and Henry
C	Jerry English	Ohio Northern
G	Ron Nannen	Nebraska Wesleyan
T	Bill Wilt	Lycoming
E	David Palmer	Clark
Q	Tim Davies	Adrian
H	Don Mraz	McMurry
H	Robert Booker	Claflin
F	Ernie Prince	Baldwin-Wallace

All-Americans from the beginning have been players who disciplined themselves, respected their coaches, respected their teammates, and understood the importance of academic work (the difference between a mediocre player and a great one may be the mental alertness and stability often demonstrated by scholastic achievement). We make no claim to having picked a solid array of Phi Beta Kappas in these eighth annual selections for TOGETHER. But we do say these attributes are seen in each of the men chosen. They all also have speed, skill, strength, and size.

The top is never crowded. These men put their backs to the job—our four repeat choices from 1962, Tom Myers, Jack Cvercko, Wayne Farmer, and Richard Dean, along with their All-American teammates in Methodist-related colleges and universities.

We salute them for their accomplishments.

A power in the line is Southwestern College's Phil Hower, guard.

When loved ones are felled by incurable illness, is it right to prolong their lives—and suffering—with miracle drugs and medical skill? Or . . .

Should the Doctor Let Them DIE?

By JAMES MAYFIELD

YESTERDAY I went to Uncle Joe's funeral. I went with relief—for I was glad that he was gone. This was not because I did not like Uncle Joe. I was very fond of him. For years we had enjoyed great times together, fishing, hunting, and playing cards.

Uncle Joe was 84 years old. Except for the usual diseases of childhood, I doubt whether he had ever known a sick day in his life until his final illness. He was a farmer and had worked hard until about 20 years ago, when he retired.

Uncle Joe enjoyed living. I know that he enjoyed it to the full during the last 20 years. I am equally sure that he had enjoyed life when he was younger, when he was working hard to make his farm pay and his children were growing up around him.

He retained his zest for living until the death of his wife, three years ago. He did not actually collapse after she died, but he changed. He showed his age. It was plain he was just marking time. He did not dread death; if anything, he was waiting for it. However, he was afraid that he might be sick for a prolonged period before his death. When an old friend died of a heart attack after being sick only a few hours, Uncle Joe said he hoped he might go that quickly and easily.

Then Uncle Joe had a cerebral hemorrhage that left him almost completely paralyzed, unable to say an intelligible word. His devoted children placed him in a hospital where everything possible was done to prolong his life.

He either could not or would not take any nourishment by mouth. His son-in-law, a doctor, believed that he could have taken nourishment by mouth if he had wanted to. "I really believe the dear old chap is trying to commit suicide," was the way he expressed it.

So they fed him intravenously, hired special-duty nurses to keep a round-the-clock vigil at his side, and brought an oxygen tank into the room to revive him whenever he seemed to be sinking. They managed to keep him alive for four months.

The cost of the three nurses, the hospital room, the doctor's fee, and medicine was just a little more than $100 a day; the total bill was more than $13,000.

Uncle Joe left enough of an estate to pay for all this. Farmers generally do not get rich, especially when they have a large family to rear and educate. But both Uncle Joe and his wife had worked hard and saved systematically. Even after they quit active farming they continued to live on the farm and watched their expenses carefully. His final illness took most of the estate, but since all his children were established in good positions, nobody really needed the money.

Yet it does not seem right that a man's lifetime savings should be used to prolong his dying—really to prolong his suffering. Since Uncle Joe was unable to move or talk, it was not possible to determine whether he was suffering. Because he often seemed restless, he was kept under sedation much of the time.

Uncle Joe's case is not unique. It is being repeated all over the country. How many hospital beds are occupied by patients for whom there is no hope, but who are being kept alive—really only existing—by skilled medical care?

True, sometimes such care does ameliorate the suffering of the victim. Doctors try to do everything possible so long as there is hope. But is there really any hope? Was there any hope for Uncle Joe? Did either his family or his doctors have any real hope that he might recover? None!

So what did all the medical care and nursing do for him but prolong his suffering?

Fifty years ago a man who had suffered the kind of stroke Uncle Joe had would have died in a very short time. He might have suffered acutely during that short time, but his suffering would most certainly not have lasted long. Is it really kindness to prolong the life and suffering of an aged person when there is no possible chance for recovery?

Some American Indian tribes used to leave aged members to die of starvation and freezing. Cruel and heartless, yes—but not so bad as our refined cruelty in prolonging suffering.

The Hebrew prophet of Ecclesiastes said, "For every thing there is a season, and a time . . . a time to be born, and a time to die." When that latter time comes, why must the medical profession prolong the dying until it is robbed of all dignity? □

YES!

'Quality, not the mere length of lifespan, is what really counts,'

Says Granger E. Westberg
Associate Professor
of Religion and Health
University of Chicago

THE story of Uncle Joe graphically describes a situation which is being re-enacted in hospitals across the land. It forces us to question our custom of keeping people alive at any cost, and even against their will.

A well-known Christian prayer includes the words, ". . . may we be granted a blessed departure." Uncle Joe's hope was that he might "go quickly and easily." Most of us would join him in that hope for ourselves.

But the problem of Uncle Joe was that his life could be prolonged by the remarkable discoveries of modern medicine. The doctor today holds within his hands both a blessing and a curse. A prolonged life is, for many persons, a great blessing. But for an increasing number, particularly of the aging and gravely ill, it can be a curse.

The clergyman has occasion to see a great many older persons who are in the latter category. Many a sufferer, about to die of natural causes, is rushed by well-meaning relatives to a hospital because our culture says that we must never just let someone die, but must try to save him at all costs. Once a doctor has been asked to care for a patient he must do his best, so he immediately orders emergency treatment to keep the patient alive—for a few additional hours, or days or weeks.

In many a case the patient does not want to stay alive because he is too old and too tired to want to live. In other cases the patient suffers such excruciating pain connected with a terminal illness that he looks upon his coming death as a blessed gift of God.

Is the doctor obliged to prolong life, no matter what? In the story of Uncle Joe, the doctor is quoted as saying, "I really believe the dear old chap is trying to commit suicide." Here a member of the medical profession uses the highly charged word, "suicide," to describe a patient who is merely trying to say, "Don't I have a right to die when my time has come?"

We have given doctors the impression that they are obligated to keep everybody alive as long as possible. We like the comfort of knowing that when a doctor walks into a sickroom he is committed to do everything within his power to keep that person alive. Why not admit that Uncle Joe's nephew was wrong in raising any questions?

But the problem is not quite that uncomplicated because doctors—every day, out of love and concern for their fellowmen—allow people to die. They just don't talk a lot about this aspect of their work.

A typical illustration which doctors often give to describe their predicament concerns an aged man who is dying a horrible death from cancer of the throat. The doctor knows that the man will probably hang on for a month or six weeks before death mercifully takes him. But the patient develops pneumonia which could take him in a few hours.

Should the doctor cure the pneumonia with penicillin so the man is forced to continue this awful existence? In most cases the doctor chooses *not* to treat the pneumonia. Pneumonia has always been called "the old man's friend." Let it continue to be so!

The daily decisions which doctors make concerning the power they hold over life and death are greatly influenced by the culture in which they do their work. I fear that the Christian voice concerning the dignity and the blessedness of death has not been sufficiently heard above the clamor of our materialistic, earth-bound culture.

When an aged person is suffering the torturous pains of a terminal illness and prays for the coming of blessed death, he should not be subjected to any heroic methods which may merely prolong his animal existence for a few hours or days or weeks.

The Christian faith has always stressed the importance of *quality* of life over *quantity* of life. The Christian faith has taught us all to look forward to the day of death as a time when we meet our Creator and our Redeemer in a newer and deeper relationship. If "to be with God" is the highest end of both life and death, then the Christian must honestly be able to say that for him to live is Christ and to die is gain.

It is the responsibility of the

Christian community of believers to let the people who are in modern medicine hear the Christian point of view, calling for more accent on quality of life and a new and deeper understanding of the gift of death.

The demands we make on doctors to prolong the lives of our loved ones are often related to our own selfishness. *We* are the ones who will suffer most from their going. *We* will be left alone. Hence *we* demand, under the guise of our tremendous love for them (which is often concern for ourselves), that the doctor do absolutely everything to keep our relative alive.

Let us stop making doctors feel guilty when they would rather not force-feed a fellow human being back into some kind of subhuman existence. Let us release the doctors' energies to bring health and healing to those who want to live and who have rich opportunities ahead of them. □

NO!

'Doctors aim to cure —they don't want to be executioners,'

Asserts Paul C. Bucy
Neurological Surgeon
Wesley Memorial Hospital
Chicago, Illinois

THE PROBLEM posed here is a difficult one since the answer in any particular case depends heavily upon the circumstances of that case. Furthermore, the problems are such that any answer will be controversial, even among men of goodwill.

So let us analyze some of the particular points in the case of Uncle Joe. The patient was elderly—84 years old—yet many men have lived pleasant, useful lives to a much older age. He had expressed the hope that when he died he would go "quickly and easily." All thoughtful men would prefer a sudden, easy death to a prolonged and unpleasant or painful one. Unfortunately, we do not have this choice, apart from suicide.

Uncle Joe suffered from a "stroke" (a cerebral hemorrhage, or more likely a cerebral thrombosis) which left him almost completely paralyzed. Thereafter, he was ill for four months, then died. The author of the article states that in a hospital "everything possible was done to prolong his life," and goes on to state that this was wrong and should not have been done.

Why? Because the author of the article, the amateur doctor, "knows" that there was no hope for recovery. He knows nothing of the sort! The fact that Uncle Joe did not recover and ultimately died of this illness proves only one thing—that Uncle Joe did not recover. Thousands of people survive such strokes and make varying degrees of recovery. Many of them do amazingly well. So long as there is the possibility that a patient may recover, the medical profession has no alternative but to do everything possible to enable him to do so! No thoughtful person would want it to be otherwise.

Members of the medical profession already have more than enough difficult problems to solve. They have far more than their share of heartrending situations to watch. Then, from time to time, someone suggests that the doctors should terminate the lives of their desperately ill patients. Why place this additional burden on the doctors? They have no desire to be public executioners.

If the author of the article thinks Uncle Joe should have been "put out of his misery," instead of having been given every chance to recover, then he or some other like-minded citizen should publicly and in all honesty have taken a gun in hand and shot Uncle Joe in the head. It would have been as easy for him as for the doctor.

Must we preserve life under any and all circumstances? Certainly, prolonging the life of certain patients—in agony with incurable illness and having lost control of all normal bodily functions—may not always be desirable.

Let's consider the case of a baby with a congenital spinal malformation associated with neurological deficiencies and other abnormalities. Nerves which fail to develop in the embryo cannot be replaced, so such a child will be paralyzed and condemned to a life with motor and physical-control deficits. In many instances, the intellect may be impaired. We are not justified in prolonging the lives of such infants to an existence of misery and suffering for them and their families.

Every child with a congenital deformity should be given every chance to live as long as he appears to have the possibility of a reasonably normal life. But in the case of an infant who is condemned as a result of congenital malformations to a mere existence in abject misery, I would not take any steps to prevent the infection which will usually mercifully terminate his life if no one interferes.

Thus, the mere preservation of life is not invariably an end to be sought. We must sustain life with hope and human decency, not just life under any circumstances. We must, whenever possible, sustain life with a minimum of physical and mental suffering. So long as there is a possibility of recovery, everything must be done to enable that patient to recover.

However, when we are confronted with incontrovertible evidence that there is no hope, then and only then are we entitled to withhold those means which tend to prolong life. At no time must the patient be denied whatever means is necessary to make him as comfortable as possible.

No, my friends, a stroke in an old man who has expressed his wishes for a sudden and easy death does not satisfy this stringent requirement. He might have recovered. □

Christ of the Andes, *erected in 1904, pledges peace between Argentina and Chile "until these mountains crumble into dust."*

ARGENTINA:

Birthplace of Methodism in South America

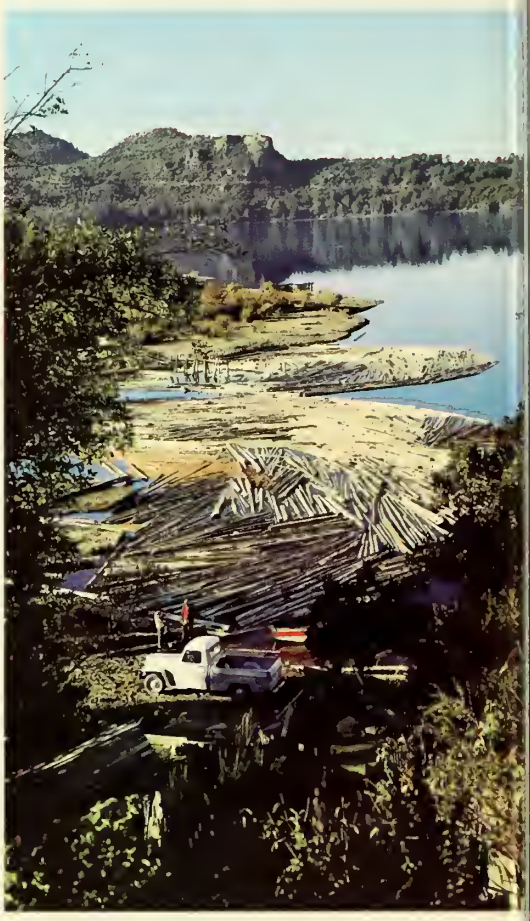
SOUTH America's city of "good airs" was 300 years old in 1836 when a missionary-minister, the Rev. John Dempster, came from the United States to found the mother church of Methodism in Argentina. Today, the First Methodist Church of Buenos Aires (below) stands as a symbol of Methodism's past and potential for service in one of the church's four Lands of Decision for the 1960-64 quadrennium.

The first Protestant denomination to establish (1864) Spanish-speaking work in Argentina, the Methodist Church grew slowly during decades of religious intolerance, suppression, and political upheaval. But times are changing in this nominally Roman Catholic country, which has much in common with the U.S. [see *Protestant Opportunity in Latin America*, by Robert Burns, September, 1963, page 14].

Buenos Aires' First Methodist Church, founded in 1836, serves the city's English-speaking community and is Methodism's mother church in South America.

Industry: Argentina once lagged far behind, but progress is symbolized by these American-style automobiles on a Buenos Aires assembly line.

Cattle: Ranchers may inspect their estates by airplane, but the gauchos still wear broadbrimmed hats and baggy trousers.



Timber: A jam on Lake Nahuel Huapí in southwestern Argentina is reminiscent of our north woods, and typifies the country's variety and potential.

Metropolitan splendor: Avenida 9 de Julio, named for Argentina's Independence Day, is said to be the world's widest street. The obelisk was erected in 1936, when Buenos Aires became 400 years old.

Awesome scenery: At the Argentina-Brazil border, the Iguazú River plunges out of dense green jungle into scores of thundering cataracts, putting the world's Niagaras to shame.

A Land of Tomorrow

EXTENDING from north to south for 2,200 miles, the snowy Andes separate the thin, dry, shinbone of Chile from the pampas, jungles, rivers, lakes, and deserts of Argentina. This varied land, one third as large as the U.S., has a population of only 20 million, but potentially is one of the three or four greatest food producers in the world.

Argentina parallels U.S. history in many ways. Waves of immigrants came to settle in this temperate clime below the equator; there's even an "out west" of high mountains and cattle ranges, with cowboys called *vaqueros*. Argentina fought its war of independence against Spain, but political turmoil and dictatorship have blocked full democracy.

With good reason, Argentina is called the "young giant to the far south," with the lowest rate of illiteracy in South America (about 16 percent), almost twice as many cattle as people, and enormous, virtually undeveloped, resources in addition to tea, oil, wool, cotton, timber, fish, and mineral wealth.

At Argentina's Union Theological Seminary, where Methodists and three other churches train ministers for Latin America, the director, Dr. Míguez, talks with a missionary pastor. Two thirds of all the students are Methodist.

A Land of Decision

NO MATTER how cosmopolitan the city, how broad and rich the fields, how tall and glistening the mountain pinnacles, somewhere beyond, too often just out of sight, one finds misery, distress, ignorance, and a great spiritual need. Buenos Aires, one of the world's most populous and beautiful cities, has its "*villa miseria.*" Rosario has its shacktown harboring vice, misery, and juvenile delinquency. The back country has unreached and unchurched multitudes, underpaid preachers, and neglected churches.

Methodism, combining the Christian message with social reform, established a mission in the crowded port area of Buenos Aires nearly 70 years ago. A few social centers, schools, and orphanages have followed. But religious indifference, even to the Roman Catholic Church, is almost a national characteristic.

When Juan Perón was overthrown in 1955 after 10 years of dictatorial misrule, Argentina began to emerge from a period of stagnation and narrow nationalism. In 1960, Methodist Bishop Sante U. Barbieri of the Argentina-Bolivia-Uruguay Area declared that the country showed "sufficient signs of growth and opportunities to advance" to become a Land of Decision.*

"Within a few years," he said, "Argentina will have developed in much larger measure her natural resources, her cultural standing, and her social institutions..."

He pointed out that this largest Spanish-speaking country in the world exerts considerable influence in Latin America, and that a vigorous Protestant church in Argentina can make a significant impact on the Spanish-speaking world.

In 1960, The Methodist Church found itself with only some 7,000 full and 3,000 probationary members. The goal is to double this membership by 1967. The need was seen for many new churches, for student centers in two strategic university cities: La Plata and Tucumán. It was considered imperative to open a mission station among the Indians in the northern provinces; to establish weekday nurseries in churches and Methodist parochial schools; to improve facilities and build parsonages, establish a Protestant hospital; and to step up the publishing of Protestant literature in the Spanish language. The latter endeavor, making progress as are the others, is carried on for all the Latin American countries through a well-equipped publishing house at Buenos Aires.

**So designated by the Board of Missions. The other 1960-64 Lands of Decision also have been pictured in* TOGETHER *color pictorials:* Pakistan [*January, 1961*], Southern Rhodesia [*January, 1962*], *and the Chinese-in-Dispersion, including* Formosa [*November, 1963*].

Famed Colegio Ward, a Protestant school given to Argentina by the baking company family, has a 38-acre campus and an enrollment of 2,000 through the primary and high-school years.

A girl's finger-painting class at Colegio Americano, a Woman's Division school at Rosario, the country's second largest city. The school now is 90 years old.

Emphasis on open-air evangelism marks Methodism's Land of Decision effort in Argentina. This choir is from Central Methodist Church in Buenos Aires, one of 25 Methodist churches in the Greater Buenos Aires area.

One of the church's newest social centers is Villa Diamante in Buenos Aires (left, and above) where the slum center is best known as "misery village." Below: Entertainment at Nicholas Lowe Institute, a home for elderly women at Mercedes.

Commitment Runs Deep in Argentina

WHENEVER the Río de la Plata floods at Buenos Aires, the scrap-metal and package-case shacks of a slum go under water. But later the people return to their misery, and La Boca Methodist Church resumes its daily program of play and Christian teaching for scores of children who otherwise would be in the streets.

This small church in a forgotten slum is only one visible sign of Methodism's longtime commitment in Argentina. Here the church's concern ranges from hostels, youth camps, and social centers to a fine theological seminary and two schools for younger children: Colegio Ward at Buenos Aires and Colegio Americano at Rosario.

The Methodist dream for Colegio Ward, established in 1913, is for a university on the campus where dormitories, classrooms, and well-groomed gardens already are to be found today.

The little church in Bariloche, typical of many in Argentina, sponsors a medical clinic as a community service—but also asked for $25,000 to build a primary school in the tourist area where public schools are lacking.

From Methopress roll the books, magazines, and papers shown (right) by Eduardo Gattinoni, the general manager.

The Word, Printed and Spoken

METHOPRESS, founded in 1883, is a Latin American cousin of the Methodist Publishing House in the U.S., and is chief center for producing Protestant literature throughout the Spanish-speaking world. Since 1960, the work has expanded, but at least one major problem is yet to be solved before Methodism's only Spanish-language press in South America can realize its potential. More efficient methods of distribution must be found to place Christian literature within reach of the millions of unchurched in Latin America.

Says Dr. José Míguez Bonino, the director of Union Theological Seminary at Buenos Aires*: "Argentina has not yet known a religion that knows how to speak the language of the man in the street, of daily life, a religion that knows how to translate its doctrine. . . . It will be necessary to create a new type of literature for those outside—books, magazines, and pamphlets that, without watering down the message, make it intelligible and sharpen it so that it penetrates into the life of the man of today."

**He also is an official observer at Vatican II Council, and evaluated that gathering in* Which Roman Catholicism? *[August, 1963, page 12].*—EDS.

Taking Christ's message to people in any Land of Decision is as much the task of the lay preacher (above) as that of the Argentina Conference in session (right) with Bishop Barbieri.

NO. 5 *in a Series*

KNOW YOUR CHURCH

MISSIONS: New Strategy for a World in Revolution

By DOW KIRKPATRICK
Pastor, First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill.

WHAT A SIGHT it was! Victoria Falls in the heart of Africa, where the Zambezi River cascades into a fault in the earth to create one of the scenic wonders of the world.

At the moment, however, I had my back turned to the famous falls to photograph a scene almost as dramatic. There, at the spot from which he had first seen Victoria Falls in 1855, stood the powerful statue of explorer-missionary David Livingstone. And at the base of the statue stood Eugene L. Smith.

There they were, the man who had opened God's heart to Africa and Africa to the world, and the present general secretary of the Division of World Missions of the Methodist Board of Missions. The contrasts were striking. I wondered which is more important: the many ways they are alike, or the striking ways in which they differ.

The differences were apparent. One wore a moustache and the clothing of another era; the other was clean shaven (he had used an electric razor in the nearby hotel) with sport shirt and camera. The most significant contrast, of course, was that they represent two different centuries.

This comparison leads to three crucial facts about modern missions:

1. *Mobility.* While Livingstone had walked across Africa, Dr. Smith had arrived from New York via intercontinental jet and the Cessna 180 owned by The Methodist Church. This new mobility is one of the most significant factors in modern missionary activity.

2. *A new kind of world.* Livingstone had ventured into the uncharted heart of Africa with no expectation of seeing other non-Africans and no means of keeping contact with the rest of the world. By contrast, Dr. Smith had flown in a radio-equipped plane which, en route to the falls, had circled the remarkable Kariba Dam. This dam turned the Zambezi into a power-producing lake. It stands as a symbol of a world of vast changes wrought by scientific and technological advance.

3. *The church's new mission.* Perhaps most significant is the reason the two men had come to Africa. Livingstone's purpose was to forge the first link between two worlds which had not been in touch with each other, and to carry the good news of the Christian Gospel from one to the other. Eugene Smith, on the other hand, had come to listen and to share responsibility with his fellow Christians.

These three contrasts point up what every Methodist needs to know about the radical changes in the mission of the church in today's revolutionary world.

The New Mobility

Methodism always has been characterized by its mobility. When John Wesley decided in the 18th century to leave the sanctuary and go into the streets and fields to preach to people where they were, he established a pattern that has characterized the Methodists of every succeeding generation—particularly the heroic circuit riders of frontier America.

It was this spirit of mobility that sent the Wesley brothers to what is now Georgia in 1735 and which in 1769, on the eve of the Revolution, led John to appoint ministers to America. The audacity of it is revealed in the listing of Methodist Circuit No. 50 as "America," and the appointment of only two men to serve it!

This same missionary spirit manifested itself in 1784 at the historic Christmas Conference at Baltimore's Lovely Lane Chapel, when American Methodism was formally organized. An offering was taken for the men assigned to carry the Gospel to Nova Scotia and to Antigua, in the West Indies.*

From such beginnings, Methodism's instinct for mobility has carried the message "in the open face of the sun," as John Wesley instructed one of his early missionaries to America. Today there are Methodist churches related to the General Conference in 48 countries. Overseeing the assignment, care, and logistics of this army of witnesses—the financial, spiritual, ad-

** John Stewart, a reformed drunkard of French-Negro-Indian stock, became American Methodism's first true missionary in 1816 when he began evangelizing the Wyandot Indians near what is now Upper Sandusky, Ohio [see He Came a Singing! January, 1961, page 2]. His success helped lead to establishment of the Missionary and Bible Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church three years later.*—EDS.

ministrative, and informational link with our local churches—is the Methodist Board of Missions. Its work is carried on by a staff focused in two locations: the Interchurch Center at 475 Riverside Drive in New York City (Division of World Missions, Woman's Division of Christian Service, Joint Section of Education and Cultivation), and the Methodist-owned Robert Morris Hotel at 1701 Arch Street, Philadelphia (Division of National Missions).

The need for mobility in missionary activity has never been more apparent than in recent years. Revolutionary changes—particularly in mission lands—have caused rapid changes in the deployment of missionaries and even in the type and purpose of missions activity. At one time, for example, there were 269 Methodist missionaries in China; today there is none. Missionaries have evacuated Cuba, and been shuttled in and out of the Congo.

When unexpected events curtail missions work in one area, the Board of Missions diverts personnel and resources to other fields. Even when missionaries must leave a country in upheaval, the church they have planted there often grows and matures even under suffering. In a changing world, the church must be ready to redeploy its forces without a sense of defeat, and enter into new opportunities.

The very structure of the Board of Missions will never let Methodists overlook the fact that America, too, is a mission field. One of the three major divisions of the board is the Division of National Missions.

In this division, research specialists are keeping the church abreast of changes in the patterns of American living. Departments on City Work, Town and County Work (in small towns and rural areas), and a section of Church Extension are moving Methodism in new directions of service in the inner city, the suburban fringe, and ever-diminishing rural areas. A Section of Home Missions provides missionaries for a flexible, ever-changing ministry to cultural and ethnic groups found in our country and its possessions. The new frontier for our nation and our church has

Chief executive in the Division of National Missions is General Secretary H. Conwell Snoke (right), pictured with Allen B. Rice, executive secretary for the division's Section of Home Missions.

Behind the Scenes at the BOARD

FROM its nerve centers in the United States, the mission enterprise of The Methodist Church stretches around the world, involving thousands of men and women—and some $34 million a year. Working with churches in 48 nations, administrators of this vast program confront endlessly complex variations of law, monetary systems, transportation, climate, health conditions, manners, and customs. Their work demands not only profound Christian dedication but keen managerial skill and organizational acumen.

Responsibility for this far-flung work rests with the Board of Missions. This body, made up of some 139 bishops, pastors, laymen, and lay women, is currently headed by Bishop Richard C. Raines.

The full board meets each January, generally at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., to set policy and hear reports of staff members and missionaries. Plans approved by the board are put into action through four main administrative units: the Division of World Missions, the Woman's Division of Christian Service, and the Joint Section of Education and Cultivation, all headquartered in New York, and the Division of National Missions in Philadelphia.

Some 125 staff members in the New York and Philadelphia offices handle the day-to-day duties which support the work of more than 1,900 missionaries in the U.S. and overseas. Some of the staff tasks seem little different from those performed in many another modern business office, but underlying

Absences at Division of World Missions staff conferences reflect frequent travels of executives to distant mission centers. Pictured here (left to right) are Tracey K. Jones, Jr., the division's associate general secretary; Thoburn T. Brumbaugh, executive secretary for East Asia; Ashton A. Almand, treasurer; Eugene L. Smith, general secretary; Mrs. Gladys Gabrielsen, recording secretary; Donald E. Redmond and Roy S. Smyres, directors of the Advance Department.

# of MISSIONS

the routine is the drama of presenting the Christian Gospel to 20th-century men and women—in teeming cities and still-isolated byways.

At Division of World Missions headquarters in New York, the work of 1,113 overseas missionaries is directed by six area executive secretaries who jet to mission centers around the world as often as necessary to keep in touch with conditions and needs. Similar executives in the Woman's Division direct the work of 400 single women overseas plus 2,000 mission workers at home.

In Philadelphia, staff members of the Division of National Missions give direction and encouragement to 155 missionaries serving projects across the U.S., Puerto Rico, and the Dominican Republic. Other departments of the division help raise funds, help design and build new churches, and work with Methodist churches in inner city and rural areas.

The Joint Section of Education and Cultivation, with staff offices in New York, seeks through the printed word, audio-visuals, and training programs to keep 10 million U.S. Methodists informed—and concerned—about their worldwide mission outreach.

Two buildings in two cities are headquarters for Methodism's missionary enterprises: The Interchurch Center (left) at 475 Riverside Dr. in New York, and Methodist-owned Robert Morris Hotel (right) at 1701 Arch St., Philadelphia.

In the central records room at the Division of World Missions, carefully kept files contain the working histories of past and present missionaries in service overseas.

moved outside the continental United States to Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and to the Dominican Republic in the Caribbean.

New ideas and new programs abound in the National Missions program. One is the Methodist Investment Fund, established by the Division of National Missions to provide needed loan funds for new churches. Endorsed by the 1960 General Conference, it pays currently 5 percent annual interest to individual and institutional Methodist investors. Interest is paid semiannually.

Through this new strategy, the church provides both a fine investment opportunity and needed funds for church expansion.

The Woman's Division, too, moves its mission into every area of American life, with community centers, institutional ministries, devoted service by Methodist deaconesses* in countless areas of need, and Christian social action. Truly, wherever one looks at the mission of Methodism in the mid-20th century, at home or across the ocean, it is *on the move.*

A New Kind of World

Kariba Dam is a symbol of what has been called "the emergence of the exciting, promising, and yet dangerous technological world." † More than a decade ago, Rhodesians realized that by 1960 their industrial expansion would halt for the lack of power. So across Kariba Gorge, discovered in 1856 by Dr. Livingstone, a dam was built which created the world's largest man-made lake. With 300 miles of shoreline, this lake feeds 15 generators producing 1.5 million kilowatts of electrical power—enough to supply a city the size of Baltimore. What a symbol of the new world of universal technological and scientific advantage!

This means more than power dams. It is a whole new culture for all men everywhere. No longer do we live in a world of light on one side and darkness on the other. Men upriver in Sarawak, in the East Indies, have radios. Newly independent nations in Africa immediately want a modern airport.

The whole world is not only rapidly tying itself together with stronger bands of communication, but a single universal-type man is emerging. We are seeing in our own USA the difference between urban and rural disappear. We all watch the same television programs, laugh at the same jokes, are enticed by the same advertisements to the same products. This universal man will shortly be found everywhere, and he will have been remade in the image of a scientific, technological culture.

The danger is that, much like his North American counterpart, he will come to believe that his primary needs are those that can be filled by the manufactured products of machines. Nothing has so challenged the mission of the church as the need to recast the proclamation of the Gospel so that it will be relevant to the errors of such a man.

To do this, we must look for a new kind of missionary. One who knows his age, but one who knows that his age is "twisted out of its true pattern" (Philippians 2:16 Knox Version). The church in the United States has never been faced with so formidable a challenge. At the very time when our Methodist homes, schools, and churches are feeling these same pressures to conform to a world idolizing the scientific man, we must produce missionaries who know the fatal flaw of this age. These missionaries must also have found in themselves the renewing power which produces men who attain "to mature manhood, measured by nothing less than the full stature of Christ" (Ephesians 4:13 New English Bible).

The Church's New Mission

As dramatic as the difference between walking and flying, between rain-making witch doctors and power dams, is the difference between why David Livingstone and Eugene Smith were in Africa.

Most of our missionary hymns still reflect the 19th-century situation:

Can men, whose souls are lighted / With wisdom from on high, / Can they to men benighted / The lamp of life deny? (No. 484, *The Methodist Hymnal*)

Dr. Livingstone came out of a world that was explored, charted, and evangelized. He went to a world untouched by all these. The missionaries who followed him planted seeds so widely and so well that now a new situation confronts the church.

Today there is a Southern Rhodesia Annual Conference in which any Methodist would feel very much at home. The only difference is the dominance of black faces leading the proceedings. African district superintendents now hold cabinet meetings to decide the appointment of missionaries.

What is true here is true almost everywhere in the world. In the nations we learned in our youth to think of as "mission fields," there are well-established churches, organized and operating in ways familiar to us but led largely by the people of those nations.

Dr. Smith was in Africa with others from non-African countries to attend a Consultation on the Life and Mission of the Church, held in Elisabethville in the spring of 1961. Those from America had come to listen while African Methodist leaders sought the guidance of the Holy Spirit in determining the mission of the church today.

Similar consultations followed the African one: Buenos Aires in 1962, for all Latin America; and in Port Dickson, Malaya, in 1963, for Asia. These consultations, attended by American churchmen, are overwhelmingly made up of the national leaders on each continent.

Another facet of modern missions is internationalization of the missionary corps. The Board of Missions encourages churches in other countries to develop their own boards and to become "sending" churches. More than 200 Asian Christians now are missionaries outside their own countries. The Methodist Church in Borneo is served by missionaries from the Philippines, Malaya, Sumatra, and India, as well as from Scandinavia, Great Britain, Australia, and the USA. A new Latin American Board of Missions has just been organized, representing Methodists of 10 coun-

* *See* American Deaconesses: 75 Years of Shining Service, *February, 1963, page 35.*—Eds.

† *From* Our Mission Today, *a study book by Dr. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., of the Board of Missions staff. Available for $3.50 hard cover, $1 paperback, from Cokesbury stores.*—Eds.

Abroad . . .

Nearly 1,500 commissioned missionaries carry the program of the Methodist Board of Missions to 48 nations outside the United States. Supervised by the Division of World Missions and the Department of Work in Foreign Fields of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, they work with some 16,000 other persons—including national pastors, teachers, social workers, and medical and administrative personnel—who devote full time to missions work. Here is where the commissioned missionaries serve:

AREA	WDCS	DWM	TOTAL
Africa	63	301	364
Europe	0	9	9
Southeast Asia and China	63	167	230
East and Southern Asia	151	352	503
Latin America	95	284	379
Totals	372	1,113	1,485

Where Methodist Missionaries Serve

(as of November, 1963)

At home . . .

Nearly 2,200 full-time workers serve Board of Missions projects closer to home under supervision of the Division of National Missions and the Department of Work in Home Fields of the Woman's Division of Christian Service. The list below shows where 165 commissioned missionaries, deaconesses, and noncommissioned short-term missionaries (U.S.-2s) serve in designated areas of special home-mission emphasis. Not included are 279 pastors and other workers in these areas, and 397 deaconesses, home missionaries, and U.S.-2s serving elsewhere in the United States. In addition to the 2,200 who serve under direct supervision of the board, many others, some partly supported by the board, carry on mission-type programs administered at various local, district, and conference levels.

AREA	WDCS	DNM	TOTAL
Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands & Dominican Republic	11	8	19
Hawaii Mission	2	68	70
Alaska Mission	4	33	37
Rio Grande Conference (Texas & New Mexico)	32	0	32
Oklahoma Indian Mission	2	5	7
Totals	51	114	165

'. . . may heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal the open sore of the world.'

—David Livingstone

tries, and soon will open a new mission field in Ecuador.

Within our own Methodist family, this internationalization is seen in the sending of Argentine missionaries to Bolivia and Peru, Jamaicans to Panama, Burmese to Andaman Island off India, Indians to Africa, Koreans to India, Filipinos to Okinawa, and Japanese to Bolivia and Brazil.

The mission is from all the world to all the world. The unity of National Missions with the total mission of the church was recently recognized in the sending of Dr. H. Conwell Snoke, general secretary of the Division of National Missions, to visit the work of the Division of World Missions. Conversely, Dr. Eugene Smith is visiting National Missions projects.

Trends in Missions

From such fresh perspectives on the mission of the church come radical changes, as is always true when the church listens to the Spirit. Among the new trends in missionary policy already being felt in Methodism are these:

1. *A new openness.* Even though many policies of the past will not be changed, it is significant that they have been reviewed. All that is past is not bad. But the church that can keep a mood of true reassessment of all its policies is a church with an openness which the Holy Spirit will honor with creative new ways of witness and with fresh effectiveness.

2. *A growth in partnership.* The rising demands for independence were not necessary to spur the church into recognition of the rights of all peoples. In most places where independence movements caused transition of governmental leadership, Methodist leadership already has passed into national Christian hands. Now a deeper understanding of partnership is developing as the U.S. church and the overseas church are able to say "yes" and "no" to each other as responsible adults.

The national churches also are motivated by the presence in their countries of persons foreign to them who temper the excesses of nationalism with responsible internationalism. This, plus the impulse of the Gospel itself, is causing many of these national churches to organize their own boards of missions and to begin sending their missionaries to other lands.

3. *A new stewardship.* All these movements taken together mean that the giver in the U.S. must come to a new understanding of his stewardship. In the future, there will be less need for giving with "strings on it." More and more we must consecrate our tithes and offerings to God for his mission, so that after consecration they are recognized as no longer "ours."

The building of budgets and the determination of the uses of funds and personnel must increasingly be left in the hands of the overseas church. This will mean that American Methodism must discover deeper reasons for giving to missions than simply to build buffer zones against communism to protect our abundance.

4. *A new board structure.* The overseas consultations on the life and mission of the church have caused the Board of Missions to take a new look at its structure. As a result, the executive committee of the Board of Missions has approved in principle the broad outlines of a new structure for the board. The final plan must go to the annual meeting of the board this month, and legislation prepared there must be submitted to General Conference next April for approval.

The present board structure has successfully borne some strong strains. At the time of unification in 1939, it brought into one working unit more than a dozen major missions organizations in the three uniting churches. Now, after 25 years of effective service, changes are called for.

Though the final form of these changes is yet to be determined, they will point toward unified administration in both home and overseas fields, a more unified cultivation of local churches in the U.S., a plan for channeling to overseas churches the techniques and skills of other general boards in such fields as stewardship, Christian social concerns, evangelism, and Christian education, increasing the participation of board members in policy-making, and opening new opportunities for women to serve on higher levels and across a wider range of missionary service, and in a more intensive enrichment of local, district, conference, and jurisdictional programs than ever before.

5. *A more ecumenical and international mission.* Dr. Livingstone was such a universal missionary figure that it never occurs to us to think of him as a non-Methodist. A fact of our time is that much of the impulse toward unity in Europe and North America came from the mission fields. Today we joke about the time when northern Methodists had work in south China and the southern Methodist Church had work in northern China. The new age, however, calls the mission of God into ecumenical and international unity.

6. *A buoyant confidence that God is saving his people.* In spite of multiplied tragedies in the human family, there is everywhere evidence of the sure movement of God toward the salvation made victorious in the Resurrection of Our Lord.

It is appropriate to claim for ourselves—for each missionary-minded Methodist—the benediction on David Livingstone's tomb in Westminster Abbey, written in his diary with a dying hand but reflecting a never-dying faith:

"All I can say in my solitude is, may heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

Church With a JUMPING Gym

Aroused interest in physical fitness brings new life to a church's long-neglected building.

IN THE 1920s, when Methodists of Blue Mound, Ill., determined to build a new church, the town had no gymnasium. It was a civic lack deplored by all residents, and the Methodist builders concluded they should remedy the situation on behalf of the community.

They may have had second thoughts about the decision later, when foreclosure action almost cost them their property. (One member sold his farm and several others personally raised $1,000 to meet the note.) But at the time it was constructed, Blue Mound citizens were enthusiastic and appreciative of the Methodists' action. For several years, in fact, the gymnasium served the local high school for basketball games and other athletic events.

In the 1930s, however, the high-school district built its own gymnasium, and the Methodist building began to stand idle much of the time. Athletics at the school seemed to eliminate the need for such activities at the church, and—like similar structures built by other churches in the early 1900s—the Blue Mound Methodist gymnasium became less an asset than a liability. Occupied by church-school classes on Sundays, its chief midweek users, ironically, were a group of women who found the spacious room an ideal meeting place for their weekly quilting bees.

Key members of the Blue Mound Gym Club include Marnie Bankson, Judy Reed, and Toby Towson. Below is the team's specially designed badge.

Folding up their work project, these quilting-circle women prepare to vacate the busy building for a new group—the after-school class of gymnastics pupils.

Virginia Sheriff, wife of the Blue Mound pastor, helps her son, Paul, do a back somersault, one of many tumbling exercises she teaches.

CHANGE was in the offing at Blue Mound when the Rev. Harold E. Sheriff was appointed pastor in 1961. A former college wrestler at Bucknell University, he heads a family concerned about physical fitness.

Since early childhood John, at 12 eldest of the three Sheriff children, has suffered from an asthmatic condition. Hoping to relieve his labored breathing, the Sheriffs instructed John in vigorous exercise. Later, his sister Hali, now 10, and brother Paul, 7,

With her coach ready to help if needed, Marnie Bankson executes a maneuver called the "eagle grab" on uneven parallel bars.

As parents and other team members watch a practice session, Mrs. Sheriff helps two girls in a graceful gymnastic duet.

MYF meetings add another use for the old gym. Before a program and snack, the young people may stage an impromptu basketball game.

joined in the drills, and Mr. Sheriff even built a balance beam for gymnastics.

When the family moved to Blue Mound, they brought their balance beam along and began their backyard calisthenics. Neighbor children watched in wonderment—and asked to join. The upshot: the Sheriffs moved their balance beam into the church gymnasium and started gymnastic classes on weekdays after school and on Saturday mornings. All Blue Mound children were invited to take part, and soon lesson fees financed the cost of added equipment—another balance beam, uneven parallel bars, tumbling mats, side horse, and Reuter board.

Some 100 youngsters now participate in the program, and a team of the top performers—six girls and one boy—has brought home honors from tournaments as far away as Flint, Mich.

More significant than the gymnastic program itself, however, is the revival of interest in the old but still sturdy gymnasium—interest shared by Methodists old and young. Men of the congregation gather weekday evenings for basketball games. Wednesday nights, youngsters play in the gym while parents meet for choir practice. And Sunday-evening MYF meetings include a recreation period in the jumping gym.

Yes, the quilters are still there, too—early afternoons when it is quiet.

In a basketball game with MYFers, Pastor Sheriff clowns for the defense. Several of the boys, members of the local high-school team, appreciate the extra practice, and the men of the church enjoy the sport for relaxation.

He's Not the *Remembering Kind*

By MARY ZELLER

THE MINUTE Edward Smith opened his eyes that September morning, he knew that something would go wrong before night. A man can always tell by an uneasy feeling that starts pestering him.

Edward vowed to himself that, now he was forewarned, he'd be on the lookout for trouble and maybe get the jump on it. He got out of bed, went over to the window. He glared out, and the sun blazed right back at him. "Well, it isn't the weather," Edward thought.

Downstairs he found Maggie looking quite her fresh and rosy self as she dished up his favorite breakfast of ham and hot cakes. Maggie hadn't changed much in 20-odd years, and there sure didn't seem to be anything wrong with her this morning.

He hurried through his breakfast, as usual. Big day ahead, filling silo for Jim Coleman. He did not talk any, and that also was customary. In their early years Maggie had prodded and coaxed Edward to talk, but he wasn't much of a talking man. Nor a remembering man, either—Maggie sometimes complained about that.

Edward hurried out to the waiting tractor and corn chopper. He was braced for trouble, but everything was in fine shape. When he got to the Colemans, the men were there, ready to start. Edward had a strange feeling, as if the sky were about to fall, and he knew they'd never get the silo filled that day. He kept quiet, though, so they wouldn't think he was touched in the head.

Out in the field he thought: "Now when I start the chopper, something will go 'clunk' and need major repair." But when he pulled the lever the chopper purred sweet as a kitten. A great weight settled on Edward. He wished that whatever was going wrong would hurry and be done with it. "Maybe it'll just be that there's nothing fit to eat for dinner," he hoped. But Mrs. Coleman knew what he liked, and her butterscotch pie melted in his mouth that noon.

Back in the field, he suddenly figured out the feeling. It was exactly the way he'd felt the morning he was going to marry Maggie. That time the hunch had not meant a thing. Being married to Maggie had been right pleasant, except he wished that one of the girls had been a boy.

Why should a man have wedding-day jitters again after all this time? Edward puzzled. How long had it been—21 years? No, must be more like 22 . . .

Then the thing hit him. "By golly that's what's wrong! Today is our wedding anniversary." Right away his thoughts started digging at him: *Maggie says I never remember and, come to think of it, this is the first time I ever did.*

His work slowed way down because Edward couldn't stop thinking about how Maggie always pretended his forgetting their anniversary didn't matter.

When it came time for the afternoon coffee break, he said, offhand as possible, "Sorry, but that'll be all for today, boys. I got business."

The Coleman farm was just a couple miles out from town, so Edward drove in on the tractor. He was dirtier than he liked to be, but if he should go home to change Maggie would know something was up. He remembered Maggie eyeing that nylon robe their Sandra had received from her Bob for Christmas. He'd seen those thin things up on the third floor at Madden's.

He found just the right robe. The price jolted him; he hoped he didn't look startled as he paid the saleslady. He felt quite setup, although a little foolish, as he rumbled home on the tractor with Maggie's gift.

His arriving home so early brought Maggie running as though something was wrong. When Edward handed her the package and said, "Happy anniversary," her eyes filled with tears and she said, "Thank you, Edward."

"Open it," he commanded, and Maggie did. When she lifted out the wisp of robe, it was blue like her eyes and Edward said: "Guess I should have got round to this years ago, but better late than never." Maggie cried, "Why I love it now!"

She put the robe on and said, "Oh, Edward, it's beautiful." And Edward looked at her and said, "It is, isn't it? Guess I'd better wash."

As he disappeared, Maggie took off the robe. She went to the cupboard and brought out the angel food she had frosted and wrapped for the bake sale next day. As she slit the cellophane she thought: *He's never remembered before, and next year he'll forget again. Makes no difference that our anniversary was a month ago.*

She took a carton from the freezer and, getting out two party plates, she called to her man: "It's quite a while till supper. But right now how would you like a piece of anniversary cake and ice cream?"

READER'S CHOICE

Many qualities make up a good marriage—understanding, patience, tact, and, of course, love. As young lovers dream of great sacrifices, mature lovers know that giving way in little things is most important. This month's *Reader's Choice* has special appeal because it makes that point so well. The story is a favorite of Mrs. Alice W. Willis of Kirwin, Kans. For being the first to bring it to our attention, she'll receive a $25 check of appreciation. *He's Not the Remembering Kind* is reprinted by special permission from *Farm Journal*, where it appeared in February, 1958. (Copyright 1958 by Farm Journal, Inc.). And don't forget: your nominations for *Reader's Choice*—any article or story published at least five years ago—always are welcome.—EDS.

". . . he found Maggie looking quite her fresh and rosy self as she dished up his favorite breakfast . . . there sure didn't seem to be anything wrong with her this morning."

Light Unto My Path

Weekly Meditations by Ministers on the International Sunday School Lessons

Parker West
Tiltonsville, Ohio

B. G. Brudevold
Minneapolis, Minn.

D. G. Higgins, Jr.
Salisbury, Md.

M. Harold LeGrow
Claremont, N.H.

JANUARY 5

And Mary said, "My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior . . ."
—Luke 1:46-47

A MONK, reading the account of Jesus' crucifixion, looked up at a painting of Christ and exclaimed, "And you did all this for me?" With gratitude and awe, we feel that it is more than we deserve.

But consider the overwhelming joy and mystery in Mary's heart when she realized that she was becoming the mother of the Son of God. Such a transport of delight and yet such a sobering responsibility of glory made her magnify the Lord and rejoice in her Savior.

How would we react to such a summons? Would we be fearful or angry at the prospect of conceiving without the respectability of marriage? Would we beg off from the awesome position of sponsoring the Savior of the world? Yet, in a sense, we have similar divine opportunities as Mary had.

Every day the divine summons comes to us. Usually we do not recognize it because duties are so commonplace and responsibilities are so undramatic.

For example, we could take children, whose parents allow them to run wild, into our homes and hearts to give them a kindly but firm friendship that might stop their headlong plunge toward delinquency. We could show a loving attitude toward a person of another race or religion wherever we see one.

Whenever a challenge comes to us, our first impulse could be to magnify the Lord. O that we would rejoice at the onset of any crisis in God our Savior as Mary did.

Prayer: O God, help me to see that I have the opportunity to let Jesus live in me and love people through me. Let me magnify thee by the gracious acts I do and rejoice in God my Savior. Amen.

—PARKER WEST

JANUARY 12

He brought him to Jesus. Jesus looked at him, and said, "So you are Simon the son of John? You shall be called Cephas" (which means Peter).—John 1:42

THERE is a poem that tells of a violin which failed to attract much attention at an auction sale until an old man took it up, tightened the strings, and began to play. The violin responded to the touch of the master, revealing the depth and beauty which lay hidden there

When Simon learned who his master was, he found out who he was himself. God deals with us in terms of our potentials, rather than our deficiencies.

When Jesus gave Simon the new name of Peter, he was looking ahead. Yes, Peter later did deny his Lord in the courtyard, but he also preached fearlessly on the Day of Pentecost. When the leaders of the religious community examined Peter and John a bit later, "They wondered; and they recognized that they had been with Jesus" (Acts 4:13).

Simon, the impetuous, became indeed Peter, a rock, for through faith he became one with Jesus Christ whose hand had been laid upon him. Upon that experience, God establishes his everlasting Kingdom.

Legend has it that during the closing days of Peter's life the impulse "to save his skin" returned as it had in the courtyard many years before. As Peter leaves Rome, he meets a man carrying a cross. "Where are you going?" Peter asks. The reply comes, "I am going to Rome to be crucified again." It was as though he were hearing again the cock crowing at dawn.

This time he turns back into the heart of Rome to bear his testimony as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No matter the cost—he is now, indeed, Peter, called to be a disciple of his Lord.

Prayer: Heavenly Father, take control of our lives that we may move by the impulses of thy holy will toward that certainty which is found through faith in thee. Amen.

—BENNETT G. BRUDEVOLD

JANUARY 19

Jesus answered him, "Truly, truly, I say to you, unless one is born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3:3

HE WAS middle aged. He was desperate. He was waiting for someone to listen to his story of personal defeat and despair. In the study, he indicated that he had been waiting about 20 minutes before my arrival. During that time, he told me, he kept praying, "God, help me!" He then went on to say that as he now thought about it, what he really should have

been praying was, "God, *change* me!"

In the biblical record of the conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus, the questions are raised concerning not only the possibility of life being changed, but the "how."

Jesus indicated that the change is effected only as "one is born anew," or, as in the rendering of one translation, "born from above." If the new life is ever to be lived, there must be a new creature. This means that life cannot be a tinkered-with or patched-up affair. It must participate in the experience of being radically changed.

One becomes a member of an earthly family through the experience of birth. One becomes a member of the spiritual family through the experience of rebirth. If birth into the physical world is a miracle, can rebirth, or being "born again (KJV)," into the spiritual world be any less of a miracle?

In the classified section of the *Saturday Review*, there is an ad with the caption, "Repairers of the Irreparable." Isn't this precisely the function of the church? The community of those who have been "born anew" must create the kind of climate, in terms of fellowship, understanding, and mercy, that will lead an individual to think that here, in this church, among these people, he would like to begin again.

A Prayer to Remember

Almighty God, thou
desirest us not only
to call thee
Father but our Father;
that we may pray
unitedly for all
people. Give
us fraternal affection
that we may recognize
each other as true
brothers and sisters,
and petition thee
as our common Father
for all mankind as
one child pleads with
its father for
another.
Amen.

—**Martin Luther**

Submitted by Gaston Foote, pastor, First Methodist Church, Fort Worth, Texas.

Prayer: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and put a new and right spirit within me." Amen. (Psalms 51:10 RSV)

—DANIEL G. HIGGINS, JR.

JANUARY 26

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.—Matthew 6:33

WE HAVE a tendency to live departmental lives, but the paragraph from which our verse is taken admonishes us against this: "No man can serve two masters . . . Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

It is inevitable, however, that we should be concerned with food, clothing, shelter, and the necessities of life in general, but not at the expense of that higher security which comes alone from God.

I find here the suggestion that life should not be divided into different departments—the sacred and secular, for instance; but, as Paul suggests, we should do all things "as unto the Lord." And in so doing, we will soon find that things will fall into their proper places, and all things needful will be added unto us.

This, however, is not simply a means of obtaining the fulfillment of our desires from God. It is rather the fulfillment of a principle, that when we seek the kingdom of God—or "live out the law of our own being," as Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale Divinity School put it—the results are inevitable. Thus do we not simply refrain from serving mammon, but thus do we make it serve God.

Heed the admonition, then, and seek the kingdom of God.

Seek it in your own heart and life, and in your personal living.

Seek it in all those daily contacts with your fellowmen, as you are thrown together in your endeavors for your daily bread.

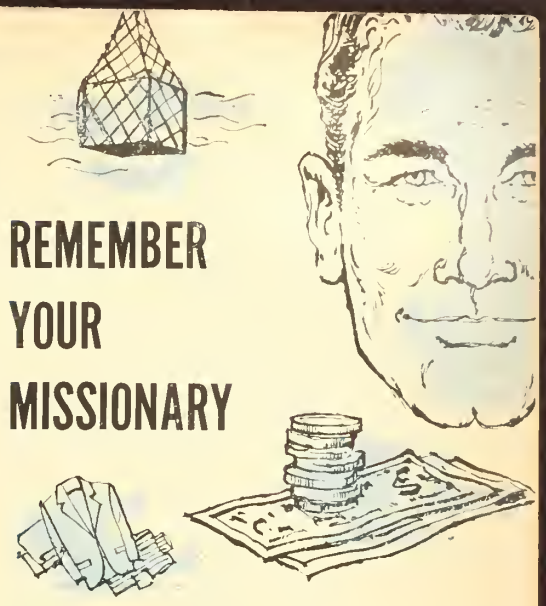
Seek it in all your social contacts, in which you are thrown together in recreation and in the lighter vein of life.

Seek it in the place you hold in the organized life of your community; in your political, racial, educational, and similar relationships.

Seek it in all those relationships you hold in common with your fellowmen; and just as surely as you do, you will find increasingly that all other things necessary will be added unto you.

Prayer: O God, help us to realize that we can always have what we want, if what we want is thee. Amen.

—M. HAROLD LEGROW



REMEMBER YOUR MISSIONARY

MISSIONARIES need support—and I don't mean only money. They need assurance that the people of their home churches have not relegated them to the limbo of necessary expenses. They need personal encouragement in the form of letters, financial support, and especially prayers. And, of course, they need your personal friendship; remember, they are representing you to others in the name of Christ.

The question then arises: How can *you* support a missionary? To help you decide, here are a few facts you should know:

Missionaries like to receive greeting cards—and not just at Christmas.

They like to know what the local news is. Personal letters, newspapers, and magazines help—and include the funnies with the papers.

Interesting action pictures and let's-keep-you-up-to-date shots are worth bushels of descriptive adjectives when you write.

Don't send clothing unless it's requested and, of course, check on sizes needed.

Never send valuable items by mail. And use tin boxes for candy.

Different countries have different postal regulations. Check them before sending mail or packages.

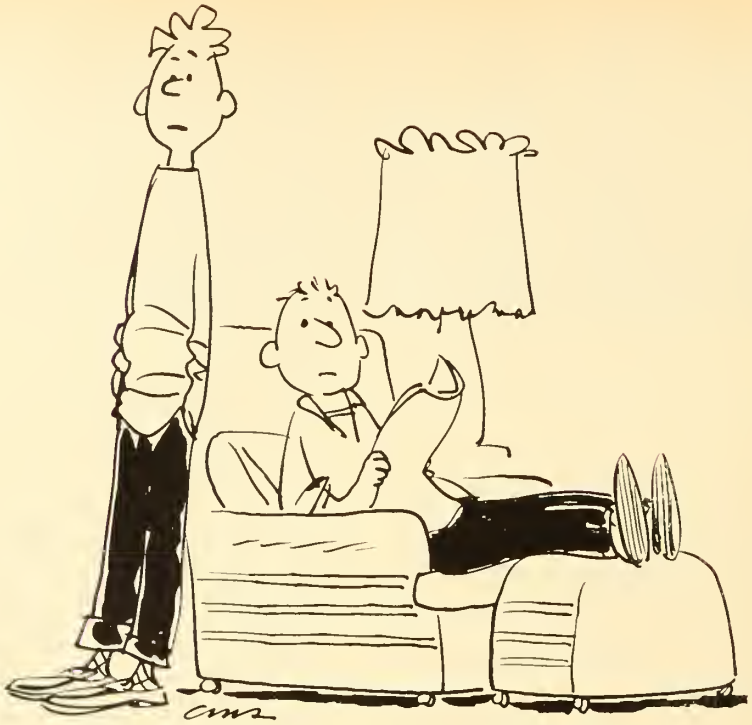
If you get no response, remember that letters and packages are sometimes lost or confiscated; that missionaries are busy people; that foreign correspondence is expensive, particularly on a small salary, and that your name may be misplaced.

Rest assured, however, that whether you hear or not, your efforts will be more than welcome. They may, in fact, provide just the back-home tie some missionary needs to lighten his load and make him feel his labors are appreciated.

—BETTY FURST

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1963 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I think I'd like to devote my life to working with underprivileged young people, Dad . . . You know, with guys who are forced to own cars that are at least five years old!"

YOUR body is a wonderful machine. Are you taking care of it? Many teen-agers neglect their bodies. Some of them pay a terrible price later. Take a few minutes now to think about your health habits.

One problem is the way young folks eat, and do not eat. Probably a third of American teen-agers eat too little. They rush off to school with only a few bites for breakfast. They lunch on Cokes and ice-cream bars. Their only balanced meal is dinner—if they get home in time to eat it. They suffer chronic undernourishment. They catch communicable diseases easily. Their minds do not work as well as they should. I hope you are not handicapping yourself this way.

Another third of our teen-agers overeat. They stuff themselves at every meal. They spend their afternoons drinking milk shakes and eating hamburgers. Are you pudgy and lazy? The way to tell if you overeat is to consult a height-weight chart adjusted to body types. Your school nurse will have one. If you are very many pounds too heavy, ask your doctor for a reducing diet. Steel yourself and follow it.

Do you get enough exercise? Studies comparing the muscular strength of American young people with that of kids in Europe reveal that on the average Americans are softies. This is the result of easy living.

I do not mean that you have to be a star athlete. You should not try to have muscles like Mr. America, but you should be strong and active. Your muscle tone should be that of a vigorous young person.

In a very real sense, your body is your private temple. How well and how long it serves will depend largely upon the care you give it.

Q.

I am 18 and have a good job. I graduated from high school last June. My boyfriend is 19. We have been engaged for two years. He manages a large service station. We have no intention of going to college. Do you think we are too young to get married?—F.L. On the average, happier marriages come a little later than at your ages. However, if you both are mature, responsible, and ready for the obligations which go with marriage, you might well proceed. Talk with your minister about this. He has counseled other young people.

Q.

I'm 15. I'm afraid of girls. I tried to ask one for a date, but all I could say was "Hi ya!" and walk on, blushing. I want to learn to dance, but I'm scared of getting that close to girls. My father says he was the same way until he met my mother. What can I do?—C.A. Many boys feel the same way. And lots of girls are equally afraid of boys. Remember, girls want to be asked for dates. Even if they can't accept they are pleased. Pick a girl who is friendly and considerate. Someone in your MYF probably would be best. If you haven't enough courage to ask her in person, send her a note suggesting a date. After you once break the ice, it won't be so bad.

Q.

I am an eighth-grade girl. I like a boy. He phones me in the evening, and we talk. This irritates my father. He says phones are for parents, not for kids. Do you think it is wrong for a boy to call a girl on the telephone? —C.L. The answer depends on how frequently he calls, the length of the conversations, and the subjects discussed. Perhaps you have been overdoing it. However, within reason, I see nothing wrong with allowing teen-agers to use the family phone.

Q.

In order to play in my high-school band, I had to give up study hall. Some days this means I do not get all my homework done. I'm afraid my grades will suffer. Do you think band is important enough for that? —H.L. I think playing in the school band is very important for some young

people. I am sorry the school curriculum is getting so crowded that there isn't the time there should be for music, art, and other cultural activities. If you could plan to go to summer school regularly, you could take one less course each semester. Then you would be able to take band and still have your study period. That way your grades would not suffer.

Q&A

I'm a boy, 14, and have a mild case of cerebral palsy. My head jerks a little, and so does my left hand. I go to MYF meetings regularly, but the other kids ignore me. All I want in life is to have a few friends at MYF. What can I do?—G.D. I suggest you talk with your minister. He should be able to help. I'm sorry the other members of your group are not considerate. I believe that at most MYF's special efforts would be made to welcome you and make friends with you.

Q&A

I am a boy. My father bought me a razor. He thinks I should start shaving. However, if I start, I'll have to keep it up. I'd be the only kid in my gang to shave. Is 13 too young to start?—M.R. People develop at different rates. I have known 12-year-olds who needed to shave, as well as 16-year-olds who had not started. Whether you are the first or the last of your friends to begin is not really important. Take a good long look at the mirror and decide for yourself.

Q&A

Two of us girls have developed early. The rest of the girls in our class tease us and call us bad names. We have boyfriends and they don't. My mother says that the other girls are just jealous. Is she right?—M.A. Yes, I imagine they are.

•

Do you have a problem you'd like Dr. Barbour to discuss in detail? Why not drop him a note and let him know about it? Send it c/o TOGETHER, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. He does not reveal names.*—EDS.

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .

Your Faith and Your Church

Why did God have to die? God, in the person of Jesus Christ, had to give up his earthly life because such a sacrifice is the only gift that a self-centered and self-sufficient world could understand.

So, the Crib and the Cross, that is, Christmas and Good Friday, are inseparably linked together. Helmut Thielicke puts it this way in *Christ and the Meaning of Life:*

"There are no depths in my life where He has not already come to meet me, no depths to which He has not been able to give meaning by surrounding them with love and making them the place where He visits me and brings me back home."

This would not be true for us if Christ had not given his life.

Is liturgy merely smells and bells? No. Liturgy is common worship as distinguished from personal worship. If you want the Greek derivation, it is *laōs* for *people* and *ourgos* for *work*. The work of the people of God is common worship.

Sometimes, work and worship are opposed; and it is said that the two should be seen as the poles of an alternating current, or the elements in the rhythm of living. But, in a real sense, work never climbs to its highest plane except when it can be truly called worship.

Who are the 'four horsemen'? As named in Revelation (6:1-8), the "four horsemen of the Apocalypse" are the scourges of mankind—pestilence, war, famine, and death.

Note that there is a fifth horseman (Revelation 19:11-16), whose name is "Faithful and True," and who is none other than Christ himself, represented in an equestrian symbol. He is not beaten by the other horsemen, but he rides in triumph over them, and the vision of the Holy City (Revelation 21) is based on this victory. Here is glorious hope for all who are bluffed and beaten by the fearsome four.

Should anyone be refused the Sacraments? Should the person who has had a broken marriage be refused a church ceremony (though Methodists do not regard the solemnization of matrimony as a sacrament)? Should the person with liquor on his breath be denied Holy Communion? Should parents who neglect the church be permitted to bring their children for Baptism?

No rules are laid down by Methodists, but our *Discipline* says that only those who "worthily receive" the Sacraments get a "wholesome effect or operation." Furthermore, the *Discipline* (Par. 76), quoting 1 Corinthians 11:29, warns that those who receive the Sacraments unworthily "purchase to themselves condemnation."

Bishop Nall answers many questions personally, and he will be glad to direct such an answer to you, or refer you to a previous answer in this column, if an answer to your particular question has already appeared. He is resident bishop of Methodism's Minnesota Area.

Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

I WAS NOT present at the civil rights March on Washington, but I watched a television program giving highlights of it.

One of the things that stands out most clearly in my mind was an interview with a southern senator who was opposed to the march because he has been opposed to integration. He said it was a mistake because the Negro is better off in America than he is in any other country. He said that Negroes can own cars, refrigerators, and washing machines here, and that in no other place in the world are there more opportunities for them.

I was aghast that any United States senator should have so little appreciation of the real issue. Has not this benighted brother learned that the struggle is not for refrigerators and vacuum cleaners but for human dignity? If he has been unable to travel abroad himself, has he not talked with people who can tell him that the African nations are seeking the recognition of their dignity and their worth more than improved physical conditions?

When the Rev. Martin Luther King was imprisoned in Birmingham, Ala., and was criticized for his "untimely" appearance in the city, he wrote a great letter explaining his position. Said he:

"We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God-given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jet-like speed toward the goal of political independence, and we still creep at horse-and-buggy pace toward the gaining of a cup of coffee at a lunch counter."

He goes on to describe what it means to tell your little girl that she cannot go to an amusement park because Negro children are not allowed. Or to answer the little Negro boy who asks why white people treat colored people so mean. How many of us know what it means to curl up in an automobile to sleep because no motel will accept us, and to be humiliated day after day because we never know just when the door will be shut or the insult will be spoken?

All this was running through my mind as I turned to

THE LEARNING TREE, by **Gordon Parks** (***Harper & Row, $4.95***). This book has some definite weaknesses; but at this particular time, it seems to me a good book for those who are indifferent to the struggle of our Negro brethren for civil rights. It is about a Negro family in a little Kansas town, living in a ghetto and denied opportunities for the children. The boy who is the central character can go to school, but he cannot play on the athletic teams. He can attend the graduation exercises, but when he and his girl stop at a soda fountain, he is refused service and knows the hurt and embarrassment of segregation. I say to those who have so little imagination that they cannot enter into this kind of anguish: by all means read books like this one.

I have the feeling that I met a real Negro family in a real situation, and it made me ashamed.

Brethren, these fellow citizens have come to the conclusion that what the Declaration of Independence said is the right of every person will never be theirs if they yield to the counsel of waiting patiently for those of us with white skins to recognize these rights. So a revolution is going on, and an idea is marching across this land more powerful than an army.

Whenever men have an enemy, the first thing they do is dehumanize him. He becomes the monster, the subhuman beast, who has to be destroyed at all costs. This is partly a defense which enables us to justify our hating him and doing terrible things to his cities. I remember that during the last major war I could not think of the Nazis as being men.

The time now has come when some of us hardly ever think of the Russians as being human beings. For that reason, I recommend reading **ONE DAY IN THE 'NEW LIFE'** by **Fyodor Abramov** (***Praeger, $3.50***). It is about a fellow who is the head of a collective farm and finds it almost impossible to make it pay. He has about the same problems any employer faces in a capitalistic society, and some extra ones because of the bureaucratic jungle within which he works. The book tells of just one day in his life and, if it does nothing else, it will tell us once again that men are men whether they live in Russia or America.

It is quite unusual that the Soviets allow this book to be published. That in itself is of some significance. Let us be glad that the hard fact with which all theories must come to terms is the nature of men. Incidentally, one of the great rewards of fiction is seeing how superficial cultures and customs are. It is man and his relationship to God that matters—East or West.

LORD OF THE FLIES by **William Golding** (***Coward-McCann, $5 cloth; Putnam, $1.25 paperback***). This book already has become a classic and it now has reached the peak of success by being made into a movie.

The plot is simple enough. It has to do with a group of boys ranging from 6 to 14 who are stranded on a tropical island. England had suffered an atomic attack. While the boys were being evacuated, their plane is wrecked, leaving them without adult supervision to work out their own lives on an island. Their problem is not physical survival—there is fruit growing and the climate is warm and balmy. Their problem is human nature.

After their fears have subsided and they are ready to face the reality of their predicament, they go to work to organize some kind of society. The enemy is, of course, human nature and sin. We see superstition and a lust for power. We see the madness that prefers death to co-operation. We see how decency can be swamped by fear and

ambition. It is all here and it will disturb any man who thinks that human nature is corrupted only when it becomes adult or that children are just naturally good.

William Golding's story rests upon the biblical doctrine of sin and the necessity of salvation. He does not put it in biblical terms, but here is a story similar to the fall of man in the garden of Eden. The book has a curious kind of atmosphere which is at once terrifying and yet inevitable. Do not be afraid that the deeper meanings destroy a good story, for it will hold your interest. A message never quite takes the place of a good story, and preachers should take note.

WHICH WAY TO THE MELTING POT? by **Mircea Vasiliu** (*Doubleday, $4.95*). Here is another fellow who had to fit into a new society, but he did it with relative ease and much charm. The book is really an autobiography in which a Balkan diplomat who married an American girl found a way to make a living in New York City. His well-born wife took a job to help him get started as an artist. There is a light touch to it, with humorous insights into the American way of life. Now and then it seems to me to be just a little too cute. It is certainly not going to improve your mind; but then, we cannot always be engaged in serious pursuits, can we?

Now, friends, let us take a brief look at **FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE**, by **Hollis Alpert** (*Doubleday, $3.95*). The making of a movie is an interesting subject, and it only adds to the interest to have it made in England. The author, a widely known movie critic, obviously knows what he is writing about.

There is no sign of respect or love for the movies in this book, which portrays human nature at its worst. Here and there is a touch of pity for an actress being driven to the point of despair. But everybody is out to get something for himself even at the cost of destroying another person. Even the advice to forgive enemies is given for a commercial and selfish reason. You will look in vain for any sign of nobility or virtue.

Hollywood has become almost synonymous with everything tawdry and trivial. Everyone can believe almost anything about the bad taste and ethicless behavior of the movie industry. This, for the most part, is the industry's own fault, and it is simply reaping what it has been sowing.

One of these days, I predict that some writer is going to spin us a story about the movies which will have as its hero a good man.

I know it can be done, because I have met some of them.

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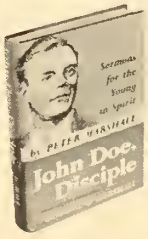
Sermons for the Young in Spirit

John Doe, Disciple

by Peter Marshall

edited and with introductions by Catherine Marshall



Thousands of young people and their parents, groping for the answers, are deeply grateful for the insights and inspiration derived from this remarkable source of wisdom and faith . . . based on the late clergyman's extraordinary feeling for the problems and needs of the emerging young adult.

Catherine Marshall is the author of "A Man Called Peter," a vital influence on the lives of millions of readers since its publication.

McGraw-Hill $4.50

Barnabas

Looks at NEW Books

Matters of state are discussed in the halls as well as on the floors of Congress. Joseph Papin's quick pen catches a huddle of senators for A Senate Journal.

ON OCTOBER 1, 1943, **Allen Drury** was discharged from the Army because of an old back injury and went East from his home in California to look for a job. On November 29 he found one with the United Press in Washington, and three days later was assigned to the Senate.

He began at once to keep a diary of the Hill, partly to send to his family, partly because he had hopes that it might eventually help make his fellow countrymen better acquainted with their Congress. In it were his observations from his first, somewhat wide-eyed impressions of personalities and goings-on on the Senate floor through the soldier-vote fight, the subsidy battle, OPA and FEPC, Alben Barkley's resignation as majority leader, the Wallace nomination, the change in Presidents from Roosevelt to Truman, the manpower bill and reconversion, the Bretton Woods agreement, and the United Nations Charter.

Twenty years and two novels later (Drury is the author of bestsellers *Advise and Consent* and *A Shade of Difference*), ***A Senate Journal, 1943-1945*** (McGraw-Hill, $7.95) gives us this press gallery view of the United States Senate in action in a time of tension when bitterness between President and Congress was rising to a point rare in American history, when the last of the isolationists were doing their best to turn the tide of American involvement in the world, when we still had delightful characters, one or two of them still in tailcoats and possessed of flowing hair.

Dominating were Connally, Vandenberg, Taft, La Follette, Ball, Barkley, Ed Johnson, and Elbert Thomas. Yet many others stride across the scene: Henry Wallace, "He looks like a hayseed, talks like a prophet . . ."; Harry Truman, president but as yet unaware of it, adjourning the Senate after finishing a letter to his mother, written at his desk; War Mobilizer Jimmy Byrnes, "an amiable man"; OPA Administrator Chester Bowles, "So reasonable about it, intelligent and sincere; plus the personality"; all the others who came and went on business with the Senate; and, of course, Franklin Roosevelt himself.

Drury writes of the Senators: "So human, so likable, so certain and so confused, so noble and so petty, so statesmanlike and so expedient, so wonderfully representative of their own human, likable, certain, confused, noble, petty, statesmanlike, expedient country." He has presented them on pages that are lively, inspiring, and disillusioning, but always readable and informative.

One of former President **Dwight D. Eisenhower**'s chief projects since he left office three years ago is the writing of his memoirs. He believes that every president owes it to the future to leave a complete factual account of his service in office.

The writing is done in his Gettysburg, Pa., study, his desk at an angle near the window, an American flag behind it, the stars of a five-star general on the glass in the entrance door. He had the stars put there because several visitors, mistaking the clear glass for an open door, banged their noses.

We now have Volume I of ***The White House Years—Mandate for Change*** (Doubleday, $6.95). Probably no chief of state has ever written so frankly, freshly, or unpretentiously of momentous affairs. The former president recalls the whole range of governmental problems and administration successes and failures during his first term in office. He tells of the thinking that lay behind the decisions he made and what he learned from them. Conversations with Khrushchev and Churchill are quoted. He describes how he chose his cabinet, his role in closing the Korean War, his difficulties with security in the government, the irritations of his heart attack, and the pleasures of social life in the White House.

He regards himself as a progressive leader, though he wanted to limit the role of government in business and retrench national expenditures.

Written in the quiet of retirement, his memoirs reveal him as a more philosophical, decisive, and courageous Eisenhower than the press, public papers, and recollections of associates presented him during his years as president.

In 1953 President Eisenhower asked his brother Milton "to get a broad view of the conditions which affect the total relations of the United States with the republics of Latin America." "Keep an open mind," Milton was counseled, "and consider what we can do, what policy changes or programs will be necessary, to unify the republics of this hemisphere."

It turned out to be an eight-year study, but now we have **Milton S. Eisenhower**'s public report in ***The Wine Is Bitter: An Appraisal of United States-Latin American Relations*** (Doubleday, $4.95).

It is a book North Americans should ponder, for we do not understand the bitterness and despair that pervades our neighbors south of the border, nor the rising tide of

revolution that is running throughout Latin America.

I have often wondered how it felt to discover the beauties of the North American continent for the first time. In ***Adventures in the Wilderness*** (American Heritage Junior Library, $3.95), any boy or girl can read accounts from the detailed journals of the first white men who explored the continent. The primeval land of North America, its natural beauty, its spectacular wildlife, and the areas that remain unmolested by man today are the subjects of this colorfully illustrated history. The narrative is by **Rutherford Platt.**

Young people who prefer to read about Africa will find an absorbing story of the discovery of that continent in ***Exploration of Africa*** (a Horizon Caravel Book, $3.95). The key to Africa's secrets lay in the exploration of four great rivers: the Niger, scouted by Mungo Park at the turn of the 19th century; the Nile, traced by half a dozen Englishmen and at least one woman; the Zambezi, conquered by missionary David Livingstone; and the Congo, which the American newspaperman Henry Stanley traveled on a three-year trip in the 1870s. The richly illustrated text was written by **Thomas Sterling.**

Both books are published by the American Heritage Publishing Company.

Western civilization was forged in the four centuries after the closing scenes of the Old Testament—the years from Daniel to Paul. The epic drama of this history-making time is captured in a book that draws on recent Holy Land discoveries and the artistic splendor of Greece, Rome, and Judea.

Daniel to Paul (Macmillan, $13.95) tells the story of the clash between Jewish faith and Roman might that gave rise to both classical Judaism and Christianity. Nearly 200 illustrations are woven into the narrative.

The book was edited by **Gaalyahu Cornfeld,** with the assistance of Bible scholars, historians, and archaeologists.

What provides your family with its understanding of reality, the Sunday morning sermon or the Saturday night television program? How you answer that question will indicate your stance regarding the role of the church in American society today.

We are beginning to receive a large number of books that deal with this church-world relationship in a very provocative way. Three of the most recent are ***The Dilemma of Modern Belief*** (Harper & Row, $3), by **Samuel H. Miller;** ***Second Chance for American Protestants*** (Harper & Row, $3.50), by **Martin E. Marty;** and ***The New Creation as Metropolis*** (Macmillan, $3.95), by **Gibson Winter.**

All share a conviction that the Christian church is no longer the dominant force in society it once thought it was. We have moved into the second half of the 20th century with a generation that operates on secular, not sacred or religious, presuppositions. Even though our society pays lip service to a Christian heritage, the power structures that determine how we live our lives are motivated by nonreligious concerns.

Samuel Miller's analysis of the secularization of society relies heavily on the work of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the German pastor who saw the 20th century as essentially a "religionless age."

In such a situation, the author feels, the church must proclaim a message of grace against attempts to distort

HYMN OF THE MONTH

Heralds of CHRIST

SOME HYMNS are meant to be sung quietly, reflectively, prayerfully. Others call for joyful, full-throated vigor. In the latter category, certainly, is *Heralds of Christ* (No. 482 in *The Methodist Hymnal*), selected as Methodism's Hymn of the Month for January.

Fortunate, indeed, is the congregation which has the opportunity to sing this spirited hymn with the trumpet fanfares called for in the music. Each of the four lines in each stanza is punctuated by a fanfare. A church which has trumpeters to play this extra instrumental accompaniment finds the brass chords a special stimulus to joyful singing of the hymn.

The words of *Heralds of Christ* were written by Laura Sherer Copenhaver (1868-1941), a long-time teacher of English literature at Marion College in Marion, Va. She wrote the hymn to be sung at a summer conference at which she was a lecturer.

Besides writing hymns and pageants, Mrs. Copenhaver was an author of magazine articles. *Scribner's Magazine* published one of her best efforts in June, 1928—a historical study of the beloved Virginia Methodist pioneer, Elizabeth Henry Russell, sister of Revolutionary patriot Patrick Henry. [See *Madam Russell*, August, 1959, page 31.]

The memory of Mrs. Russell, respectfully known in the early days of Virginia Methodism as "Madam" Russell, is honored to this day by Madam Russell Methodist Church in Saltville, Va. It stands about 15 miles from Marion, Mrs. Copenhaver's hometown, in the picturesque ridge and valley region of southwestern Virginia.

Before her death in 1941, Mrs. Copenhaver devoted much time to developing handicrafts among Virginia mountain women.

Composer of the tune to which we sing *Heralds of Christ* was George W. Warren (1828-1902), an organist who served churches in New York. Although the music is well matched to Mrs. Copenhaver's hymn, it was written to accompany another equally familiar to Methodists: *God of Our Fathers* (No. 496 in the *Hymnal*). The patriotic character of this poem by Daniel Crane Roberts has made it especially popular for use on national holidays; and because of its association with these words, the tune itself has been named *National Hymn.*

The music, with its firm martial tempo and trumpet flourishes, lends itself especially well to the *Heralds of Christ* text. In combination, the words and music recall St. Paul's words:

"For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" (First Corinthians 14:8 KJV.)

There is nothing of uncertainty here—in either tune or text. *Heralds of Christ* proclaims its message forcefully:

"*Make straight, make straight the highway of the King.*"

Readers who would like to hear the Hymn of the Month *sung by a fine university choir may purchase a recording of* O Come, O Come, Immanuel, *and* Heralds of Christ, *plus 10 others to appear in this 12 part series in 1964. A single LP recording of all 12 hymns, sung by the Southern Methodist University choir, may be ordered from Cokesbury Book Stores or Service Centers at $3.50. Ask for* Hymn of the Month.—EDITORS

and deface the world for which Christ died.

Gibson Winter, writing from the perspective of a sociologist-theologian, feels that the churches must get away from the residentially centered parishes and minister to people where they actually work.

Martin Marty writes as a church historian, tracing the development of American religion from its earlier Protestant-dominated period to the present pluralistic (many faiths) situation. He, too, finds Christendom badly in need of reformulation of its strategy. He insists that the individual Christian witness to his faith where he is daily, turning to the church only to prepare for insights and power that contribute to witness. He sees Protestantism's "second chance" as its opportunity to forget its preoccupation with its own internal concerns and to turn out to the world in witnessing, servicing love.

TOGETHER's *Powwow* this month [*Should the Doctor Let Them Die?* page 32] moves me to review a book on another aspect of death that has created a ferment since its publication last summer. It is ***The American Way of Death*** (Simon and Schuster, $4.95), in which **Jessica Mitford** probes the inner workings of our funeral industry and comes up with a report that reflects a grisly mixture of cynicism and sham.

Miss Mitford bares the psychological strategies by which the bereaved are maneuvered into buying expensive funerals—we spent an average of $1,450 for the funeral of every adult who died in the United States in 1961, she says. She quotes the evasive language of the profession: Cremains, Slumber Room, Floral Tributes, etc. And she goes on to examine American cemeteries with their pre-need selling, crypts, vaults, and memorials.

Christians will be particularly interested in her explanation of the origin of embalming, which arose in Egypt and not in Judaeo-Christian antiquity. In fact, the Jews frowned on it, as did the early Christians.

Funeral directors have protested vigorously against Miss Mitford's book. It would be a good idea to form your own judgment of it on the basis of your own experience. In doing so, I think each of us should ask himself how much the funeral industry has been influenced by our American refusal to look at the basic forces of life—and death—unless they are disguised in sentimental drapings.

After his wife's death in 1943, George Bernard Shaw wrote: "I lived with Charlotte for 40 years, and I see now that there was a great deal about her that I didn't know."

Now, the first biography of Charlotte Payne-Townshend, who became the wife of the Irish playwright, has been written by **Janet Dunbar**. Drawing on previously unpublished material, including Charlotte's diaries, her letters from G.B.S., and her correspondence with Lawrence of Arabia, ***Mrs. G.B.S.*** (Harper & Row, $5.95) gives us a clear portrait of the Irish millionairess who did not marry until after she was 40.

Her duties as the wife of the playwright included being secretary, hostess, ridding her husband of persistent female admirers, and trundling him off, protestingly, on long trips. For the most part, he was a considerate husband, but he did not share his ideas with her, nor did he try to understand her inner thoughts. This lack of intellectual rapport led her to translate the Brieux plays for publication and into a voluminous correspondence with Lawrence of Arabia.

Anyone who was disturbed by the inquisition conducted by the late Joseph McCarthy a decade ago will be interested in a volume of essays by one of that Wisconsin senator's principal victims. Also, anyone concerned with U.S.-Communist relations will be interested in **Owen Lattimore**'s ***Studies in Frontier History*** (Oxford, $12).

Had Chiang Kai-shek acted on Lattimore's advice, it is possible that Mao Tse-tung might not have enslaved China under the Red banner. Interesting is the united front of the Chinese Reds and the Nationalists way back in 1923, which Lattimore discusses.

Reared in the Far East, Lattimore speaks Mongolian, Chinese, and Russian, and is the only American to have traveled widely in Manchuria, Mongolia, and Sinkiang.

Among points he brings out is that the frontier between Russia and China is anything but a clear-cut boundary, and that the Kremlin and Peiping have inherited long-festering rivalries from former regimes. Outer Mongolia—disliking Red China, in the Russian sphere but strongly nationalistic—stands in a commanding position on that unique frontier. Yet Washington has no one who really understands the people of that faraway land. Another point, for India's benefit: China has been expansionist for many centuries.

Adolescence is a disease, believes **Richard Armour**: "It may not be listed in the medical books as such, but that is only because doctors are embarrassed to be reminded of something in the presence of which they are helpless."

Through Darkest Adolescence: With Tongue in Cheek and Pen in Checkbook (McGraw-Hill, $3.95) is his wry attempt to give a weary parent a layman's knowledge of the disease before it actually strikes his household.

"It is best, if you have the will power—and other bathroom facilities—to leave the adolescent undisturbed

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In covered wagons down the land's far length,
As pioneers turned westward, and who took
Among their scant possessions one loved Book.

—GRACE NOLL CROWELL

and, when he at last emerges, make no sarcastic remarks," he advises re the family bathroom.

Discussing the family car, he writes: "Two years after our son obtained his driver's license, our daughter got hers. As for me, I bought a bicycle. My wife, who has trouble with her arches, bought some British walkers."

Anent conversing with the adolescent, he observes: "Speak distinctly. Don't think you can mumble the way they do when they speak to each other. They are not really mumbling; they are speaking Teenese, a dialect akin to Cantonese."

Yet, in spite of his dark views, he admits that he and his wife miss their now grown-up teen-agers.

Richard Armour is no stranger to TOGETHER's readers. This magazine has published a number of his humorous poems, including *Top This* [May, 1961, page 56].

Collectors of books on John Wesley will want to know about ***Fire in the Brand*** (Exposition University, $4), by **Howard Alexander Slaatte.**

It is not a full biography of the founder of Methodism, nor a definitive discussion of his work. Its author, who is a professor of philosophy at Methodist-related McMurry College, Abilene, Texas, calls it "an introduction to the creative work and theology of John Wesley," and that describes it very well.

The book is in seven chapters dealing with Wesley's preaching, hymnology, and social impact, followed by studies in the existential perspective of his faith, the creativity of his theological method, and his basic doctrines and special emphases.

J. B. Phillips, who has translated Amos, Hosea, Micah, and Isaiah into modern English, says of the Hebrew language: "Every letter is like a tensed muscle. I was awed but I was also fascinated by the sheer authority of this uncompromising tongue."

He began to translate the New Testament during World War II for study by youth groups of the Anglican church in London of which he was then vicar. ***Four Prophets*** (Macmillan, $3.95) is his first translation from the Old Testament. It is filled with poetry and power.

As supplementary reading, I recommend ***The Prophets for the Common Reader*** (Norton, $4.50), in which **Mary Ellen Chase** discusses six Old Testament prophets against the background of the social, political, and religious attitudes of their times. She writes with the skill of a novelist and the understanding of a biblical scholar, and the prophets come dramatically to life.

Then you might want to supplement both of these books with ***The Background of the Old Testament*** (Doubleday, $4.95), by **Esther Kellner**, which will give you a wealth of information on the personalities, customs, beliefs, places, and events of the Old Testament world.

All three books are for the non-expert.

I took a special delight in the children's paintings of the Nativity in TOGETHER's December issue [page 35]. If you did, too, you will want to know that 8 of them, plus 16 more, have been published in book form under the title ***Away in a Manger*** (Nelson, $3.50).

They were selected by the **World Council of Christian Education and Sunday School Association** from its Children's Art Project and represent the new ways youngsters from five continents have seen an old, old story. There is wonder in them, and a freshness that cannot be duplicated by adults.

The Supreme Court has banned Bible-reading and prayer in the public schools, but the controversy will rage for years to come in churches, synagogues, school districts, and homes.

Those on either side will find fundamental questions on American religious freedom discussed fully by **Paul Blanshard** in ***Religion and the Schools: The Great Controversy*** (Beacon Press, $4.95). Every important Supreme Court case dealing with religion in the public schools is considered, as are recent battles in Congress over federal aid to education and sectarian schools.

The question of federal aid to parochial schools is seen by the author as the most critical church-state issue of the future.

"What do Methodists believe?" is the question **Mack B. Stokes** seeks to answer in ***Our Methodist Heritage*** (The Graded Press, $1). He begins with the home and family life of Susanna and Samuel Wesley, goes on to describe the educational and religious development of John Wesley, and ends with a brief history of the world-wide church that grew from these seeds.

In the history, I searched for reference to the influence of the printed word on the rise of Methodism in America, but though I found preaching, lay leadership, and singing, I found no extended treatment of the books and periodicals that have played such an important part in expanding Methodism. As I said, it is a brief treatment of a big subject.

—BARNABAS

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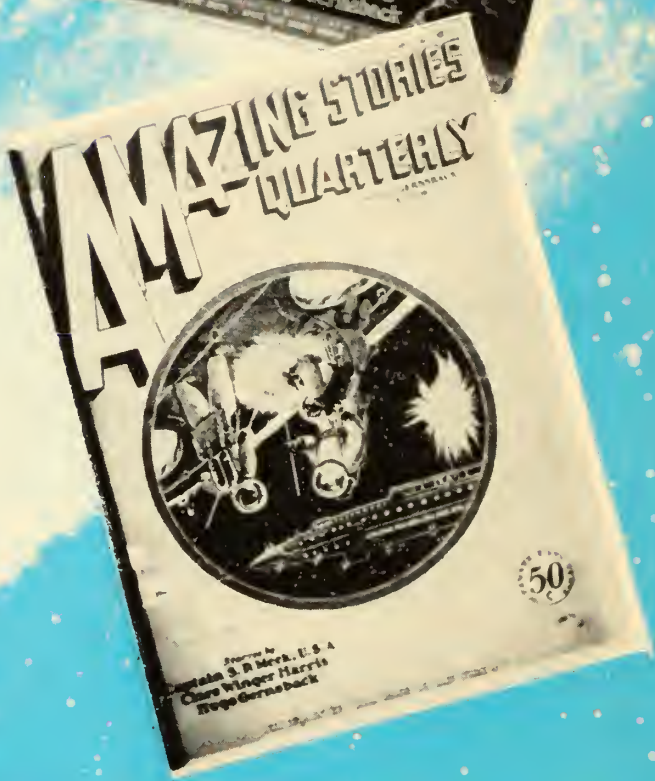

Typical illustrations from Mr. Teeter's collection of hundreds of science-fiction magazines, past to present, are these from the 1928-29 era. **At top:** Weightlessness in space, and a telestar-type space craft visualized in a 1915 story by Editor-Author Hugo Gernsback. **Center:** Retro-rockets brake a lunar landing, and astronauts repair a damaged space ship. **At bottom:** Satellite and powerhouse in space, as conceived 35 years ago. Drawings by Frank R. Paul. Coypright 1963 by Hugo Gernsback.

Some collect McGuffey Readers, dime novels, or rare books —but only the early science-fiction fan-hobbyists can boast . . .

We Knew About Today — Yesterday!

By *HERMAN B. TEETER*
Associate Editor, TOGETHER

SCIENCE-FICTION hobbyists are inclined to brag—as what hobbyists aren't?—but we think we have earned the right to go around saying: "I told you so!"

Not so long ago we had to put up with a lot of smirks and head wagging. Everyone, I'm sure, considered us more than a little mad. And maybe we were. Who in his right mind would talk about "aerocars" and "jetmobiles" in the 1920s when Ford still had his Model T on the assembly line? Yes, the age of crank telephones was barely past, and we kept telling everybody that someday moving pictures from Europe would come flying into our living rooms! (We called it *visiphone* in the days of the crystal set, the raccoon coat, and the rumble seat, but we were talking about television. It doesn't matter, though; nobody listened.)

We waited a quarter century before those who had scoffed began dignifying us by asking interested questions about weightlessness in space, atomic power, orbital velocities, the moon, Mars, communication satellites, and the theory of relativity. (We still try to avoid the last question.)

We knew all about most of these things while Lindy was flying the Atlantic, and we were reading about atomic bombs before Hiroshima. We knew about death rays, solar energy, nuclear submarines, farming under the sea, rocket guns, automation, space laboratories, transplantation of vital organs, robots, and mind control. Most of these were only fantastic dreams (or nightmares) when paved roads were few and nobody had heard of penicillin.

Some of us in the early 1920s and 1930s were so rabidly addicted to the genre that we made a hobby of collecting and carefully preserving every science-fiction magazine or book we could afford. We saved our quarters, hard as they were to come by in the days of the nickel hamburger, and every month we haunted the newsstands in breathless anticipation. Some of the covers —men in space suits, lunar explorers, giant bugs, world-destroying scientists, roaring rocket ships—were so lurid and obviously the work of madmen that the timid among us hid the magazines under our coats until we reached home. But when we sat down by the old base burner in the winter, in the kitchen while Mom baked homemade bread, or under a shade tree on days before air-conditioning, we were in our element.

The world was rolling along pretty well in those days. We were secure in the chosen center of God's great universe, not as microscopic inhabitants of a fleck of dust lost somewhere on the fringe of things. Man, it appeared, had pretty well reached the peak of material progress. But here a bunch of smooth-faced kids and wild-eyed writers kept weaving their colorful fictions, pointing out both the good and the evil inherent in science, exclaiming all the while: "Boys, we ain't seen nothing yet!"

We saved the magazines, fondled them, bound them, read and reread them; we formed fan clubs and amateur rocket societies; some of us went on to become top scientists with the Atomic Energy Commission or the National Aeronautics and Space Administration; some died in a war more horrible than early science-fiction writers had visualized. But most of us, I suppose, just went along for the ride as collectors and fans. In 1964 we are somewhat surprised to hear ourselves say, "No, sorry!" when a collector-come-lately offers us $15, $25 —even $50—for a rare issue of *Amazing Stories, Astounding,* or *Science Wonder Stories.*

I lost some of my collection, one way or another. One issue, now a collector's item, was confiscated from another boy during study hall in high school. The physics teacher tore it to shreds in front of his physics class with these sneering comments: "Ridiculous! Impossible trash and tommyrot!" The cover of that magazine showed Americans in space suits emerging from a rocket ship, and the incident today seems a sad commentary on one teacher's imaginative leadership.

As early collectors, I think we foresaw the day when we could go back to check on the accuracy and prophetic vision of the primitive writers and artists. Frankly, many of the fantastic stories of long ago fall short of reality today. One popular full-length story was built around the idea that transoceanic air travel, while not impossible, would require a series of floating "isleports" as refueling stations! Nobody got around to forecasting the

giant jets that hurtle the seas in a few hours.

Some stories, of course, were based on apparent "impossibilities." We had our lunatic fringe, and our share of "bug-eyed monsters" who spoke English and chased beautiful maidens across alien worlds. We were fond of journeying back through the fourth dimension to kill dinosaurs with atomic rifles; and we went ahead to world's end and the time when men are bodiless heads with amazing machines as extensions of their arms and legs. Along the way, however, we picked up a smattering of science and a lot of blood-curdling adventure.

Our hero-authors were the science-fantasy pioneers: H. G. Wells, Jules Verne, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Abraham Merritt, and Hugo Gernsback. (The latter is the editor and science-fiction writer who founded the first all-science fiction magazine, *Amazing Stories*, in 1926.) Today, we read a new generation of authors—fine literary craftsmen like Robert A. Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, and Clifford Simak—who do not always invent weird machines but concentrate on the sociological aspects of scientific wonders at hand or just around the corner.

The old magazines in our collection of several hundred still retain something of that sense of wonder that drew us to them in the first place.

Sadly, some of this awe and wonder seems to have gone out of the world, fleeing before one scientific miracle after another. Now the earth has been fully explored, flown over, and photographed. No "lost" civilizations were found, and we finally have had to concede that all the really frightening prehistoric monsters are extinct. Venus has been probed and turns out to be an unlikely world for either the fabulous cities of supermen, or the steaming jungles we once imagined. Real men are wearing space suits practically designed for them on the covers of science-fiction magazines nearly 40 years ago.

Many of the old stories seem stilted and old-fashioned today. Not many are literary gems, but a respectable number show promise of immortality—even when the hero-scientist, preparing to launch the first men to Mars, stops in the middle of exciting action to deliver a textbook lecture on astronomy. But we did not mind it then, and there is no reason we should sit in judgment on that technique today.

No, my science-fiction collection —still a hobby—is not for sale. The craft has come a long way as literature, attracting some fine literary and scientific talent, but science fiction today doesn't always startle its blasé readers. It would seem we have been startled and astounded so often by yesterday's science-fiction-become-reality that nothing much amazes us anymore.

Name Your Hobby

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MAGAZINES: Mrs. T. E. Carter, Box 32S, Beckley, W.Va. (family-type).

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Letters

Webb's Bible Exhibited

EDWIN SCHELL, *Exec. Secretary*
Lovely Lane Museum
Baltimore, Md.

Your good *Layman's Issue* [October, 1963] highlights Capt. Webb, whose preaching of the first sermon in Lovely Lane meetinghouse, Baltimore, interests us. In Lovely Lane Museum, we have both an early Webb portrait and his Greek Testament.

Capt. Webb's Greek Testament.

The captain not only learned Greek but taught young preacher William Duke.

Endless Line of Splendor

ALBEA GODBOLD, *Exec. Secy.*
Assn. of Methodist Historical Societies
Lake Junaluska, N.C.

The artist's interpretation of Captain Thomas Webb was good.

Dr. Marvin E. Harvey did remarkable research for *One-eyed Capt. Tom Webb: He Was Our No. 1 Layman* [page 26]. I marvel that he was able to compress so much historical material into so brief an article.

The historical articles you are printing in TOGETHER are helping Methodists everywhere appreciate our inspiring history—what Halford Luccock called "the endless line of splendor."

Webb Is a 'Hit' in Bristol

SEXTON & MRS. POPLE
Portland Methodist Chapel
Bristol, England

The people of Portland were very pleased that TOGETHER has taken such interest in us [*One-Eyed Capt. Tom Webb: He Was Our No. 1 Layman*]. We are delighted with the article and pictures. We are carefully keeping our copies of your magazine to show visitors.

Is More Organization Needed?

EARL W. MUTCH
Chardon, Ohio

Ralph Stoody says [*Our Methodical Methodist Church*, September, 1963, page 43] John Wesley would have to agree that we are brilliantly organized. The superstructure is well organized, but the majority of local churches are not well organized.

Thoughtful reading of Paragraphs 91-98, 220-222, 291-292 in the *Discipline* will show that much remains to be done before a local church can approach Wesley's standard of organization.

Likes Jam-Packed Issue

CARL SOULE, *Executive Secretary*
Division of Peace and World Order
Methodist Office for the UN
New York, N.Y.

The October, 1963, issue was exceptionally good. Because of our friendship with John Street Church, we were pleased to know more about Captain Webb. Because of the Vatican Council, Wesley's sermon had much meaning. [See *John Wesley's Most Famous Sermon: On the Catholic Spirit*, page 43.] Of course, we were pleased with the article on the Methodist Office for the United Nations. [See *Hoosier Methodists at the UN*, page 52.]

However, I should like to make clear that the Methodist Office is jointly and equally operated by the Woman's Division of Christian Service and the Division of Peace and World Order. The Board of Christian Social Concerns supplied the initial impetus for the Church Center, but the Woman's Division generously allocated funds to help finance construction of the 12-story building.

He Disputes Jesus' Lay Role

WILLY NORMAN HEGGOY
Codirector
Centre Chrétien d'Études Maghrébines
El-Biar, Alger, Algeria

That *Jesus Was a Layman* [October, 1963, page 14] is a mere pun. Because Jesus was not a Jewish priest, he had to be a Jewish layman. But, because he was a professional rabbi, he certainly was no layman at all.

So Jesus was a layman. Therefore, the Church of Christ knows *only* laymen. They may be called bishops, ministers, or people in the pew—laymen all.

But Jesus was a professional religious teacher. The church still needs professional teachers, preachers, and administrators (bishops), even though all are technically laymen and not sacerdotal priests. All laymen are priests.

Youth at Perth Read It

J. MANNING POTTS, *Editor*
The Upper Room
Nashville, Tenn.

Harry Denman, general secretary of the Board of Evangelism, and I have been in New Zealand and Australia for two missions on lay evangelism.

At Perth we were told of a group of people who meet regularly on each issue of TOGETHER as a discussion group. They have a discussion on its contents and find it rewarding. I found that their interest in the Aldersgate observance came from TOGETHER.

Harry and I had a good winter down under but we missed the summer!

To our young friends at Perth: Greetings! And to Dr. Potts, a thank-you for the good word from down under.—EDS.

Any Back Issues to Spare?

MONICA V. JACINTO
The Methodist Church
San Mateo, Isabela, Philippines

Being a deaconess, I enjoyed *American Deaconesses: 75 Years of Shining Service* [February, 1963, page 35]. I like my work and hope others will be challenged by the TOGETHER article to become deaconesses.

I would be grateful if readers could send back issues of TOGETHER or *Christian Home* magazine for distribution among Filipino young persons who plan on becoming church workers.

Re *Dew* and *Strawberries*

MRS. CLARENCE KRUEGER
Oshkosh, Wis.

I was happy to see the recognition of Chris Olson in TOGETHER [*He's a Farmer; He's an Artist!* October, 1963, page 76]. He sees and portrays beauty, but also has the gift of sincerity and humility.

As the owner of his painting *Dew*, described in your article, I speak with conviction. My mother owns his *Strawberries*, which is so beautiful I cannot begin to describe it.

Parent Is Grateful

ROBERT H. FOX, *Associate Pastor*
Clearwater, Fla.

Being the parent of a retarded child, I was encouraged to read *Retarded*

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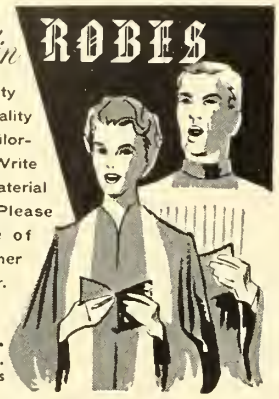

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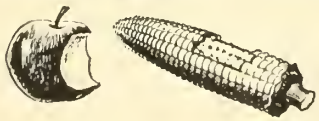

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BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

Children: How the Church Can Help [November, 1963, page 28]. I hope that the 1964 General Conference will take definite action in this work.

Our church in Clearwater is establishing a church-school class for retarded children in the community.

Articles 'Well Done'

CLYDE O. BEZANSON, *Coordinator*
Minneapolis Assn. for Retarded Children
Minneapolis, Minn.

I was pleased to see the articles about mental retardation. The series was well done. Our association is proud of the church school operated by Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church.

Strong Link in Lebanon

CHARLENE HOLLIDAY
United States Information Service
Beirut, Lebanon

The American Field Service: An Exchange of Love [August, 1963, page 46] was excellent. I have had firsthand experience with the American Field Service and the fine work it is doing. My parents had an AFS student from Turkey in their home in 1961-62 and in 1950, when the organization was young, the sister of my German pen pal, also an AFSer, visited us at Christmas.

New Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls [page 35] brought back memories of my visit to Qumran in 1958. It is a pleasure to receive TOGETHER each month, and I wish it came twice as often. It is my only link with Methodism in this part of the world.

Miss Holliday is the daughter of a Wisconsin Methodist minister, now retired.—EDS.

A Correction

RALPH C. STOVER, *Comdg. Officer*
White House Police
Washington, D.C.

I would like to make a correction in *Unusual Methodists* [December, 1963, page 29] concerning my work as chief of White House police. The White House police do not go abroad, but are strictly assigned to the White House, where we work with the Secret Service in the protection of the President and the mansion. The White House police force is part of the Secret Service, headed by Chief James J. Rowley, who is in charge of Secret Service protection of the President at home and abroad.

We thank Major Stover for calling this error to our attention.—EDS.

Junaluska Revives Memories

MRS. GEORGE C. TRAUTWEIN
Fort Thomas, Ky.

The color pictorial *The Land of Junaluska* [July, page 35] was especially thrilling to four former members of a Youth Caravan who gathered with their families for a 20th reunion at Lake Junaluska the last week of July.

As girls, we trained for a week at Junaluska in the summer of 1943, then

1943 (from left): Marceline Smith, Esther Edelmaier, Adelaide Adams, and Jane Harper at Lake Junaluska.

1963 (from left): Jane (Mrs. Joe N. Blair), Esther (Mrs. G. C. Trautwein), Adelaide (Mrs. M. B. Hudnall), Marceline (Mrs. Ted Halsted).

spent seven weeks in religious work at seven charges (nine churches) in the Kentucky Conference.

Three of the girls became the wives of Methodist ministers—Ted Halsted of Dexter, Mich., M. B. Hudnall of Greenville, S.C., and Joe Neal Blair of Marion, Ala. Daughter of a district superintendent, I was the counselor and now am the wife of a publisher and prominent layman.

Although the four of us had corresponded regularly since 1943, this was the first time that we got together as a group.

Gaiety was added by the Halsteds' two children, the Hudnalls' five, and the Blairs' two.

She Disapproves of March

MRS. DELIA A. BUNTING
Selbyville, Del.

I share the sentiment of the letter-writer, *His Head Hangs Low* [October, 1963, page 66], who said, "Time was when I was proud to be a Methodist. Now I hang my head in shame."

After reading Bishop John Wesley Lord's piece on the March on Washing-

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ton [*Washington Area News Edition*, October], I believe we had better do some thinking ourselves and not leave it up to ministers in high places. If ministers who are interested in race agitation would preach more Bible and try to get the Bible back into the schools, we could say "Amen" to their preaching.

Publication . . . a 'Grave Error'

MRS. CURT WASSON, JR.
Birmingham, Ala.

Until receiving the November issue, I had nothing but praise for TOGETHER. The picture on page 3 and accompanying article [*'Action Now' Integration Proposal to Be Debated at General Conference*] are repugnant.

For our church, specifically the Board of Christian Social Concerns, to be so closely allied with a man of such questionable reputation as Martin Luther King is, in my opinion, a grave error, and one that can lead only to discord and unrest.

He Likes Our Vibrant CIA

A. DUDLEY WARD, *Gen. Secy.*
Board of Christian Social Concerns
The Methodist Church
Washington, D.C.

A wonderful spread for us in *The Church in Action* [November, 1963, page 3.]. However, the person at the right in the picture is Aaron Henry, a layman of Clarksdale, Miss.

We are sorry for this slip-up. The identification on the back of the photograph supplied us transposed names, so that Major J. Jones of Knoxville, Tenn. (who was lost when the picture was trimmed), was given.—EDS.

She'll Withhold Contributions

MRS. W. S. WELLBORN
Concord, N.C.

The racial article and picture in November are distasteful. God made the various races, and he asked the Jews to keep a pure race.

The 1964 General Conference is planning on going too far, too fast. Withholding church funds from agencies that refuse to integrate can be played two ways. So far as I am concerned, I'll withhold my contributions.

If the 1964 General Conference passes the proposed legislation, our church will be divided again, I feel sure.

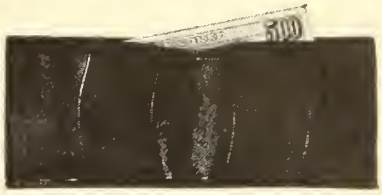
'Manifesto of Extremists'

GEORGE W. HARBUCK, *Pastor*
Monroe, La.

The message from the Human Relations Conference is a manifesto of extremists, not designed to bring about an inclusive church but a divided church.

Their fuzzy thinking is indicated in points 4 and 7. In point 4 they would

NO RISK!



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use funds not designated for that purpose to remove inequalities in ministerial salaries, and in point 7 they would withhold funds from schools acting in a manner "contrary to this recommendation."

That conference was attended by vindictive men who would throw caution to the winds and set progress in human relations back a decade.

Asks Equal Rights

BILL LINNEY
Jeffersonville, Ind.

Isn't the Negro entitled to a college education without the help of federal troops and marshals? The white people wouldn't like it if the Negro took over and barred them from schools, colleges, lunch counters.

John 3:16 says, "God so loved the *world,*" not "God so loved the *white man,*" that he gave his only Son. Let the Negro get a proper education and equal rights.

Acclaims Witness in Far East

GERALD H. ANDERSON, *Dean*
Union Theological Seminary
Manila, Philippines

Your excellent story on the Kirkpatricks was read here with much appreciation. [See *Methodists Abroad: They 'Adopted' an MYF Group,* July, 1963, page 21.] Their influence in the church and community has been widely felt. Before their recent departure from Manila for a post in the States, 200 Filipino and American friends gathered for "an evening with the Kirkpatricks," which included a square dance.

U.S. Ambassador William E. Stevenson (left) and his wife (right) regret that duty takes Sgt. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick from Philippines.

Here's a Real Church Home

LEO J. ENGLER, *Pastor*
Woodside Methodist Church
Buffalo, N.Y.

About 15 years ago I purchased an abandoned rural church in the Annin Creek Valley of the Allegheny foothills near Port Allegany, Pa., from the Genesee Conference Corp. It was the first church I preached in away from home, and I met the future Mrs. Engler there. The church was built by her grandfather nearly 100 years ago.

Before: Just an abandoned church. After: A minister's modern home.

We have remodeled it into a summer home with modern conveniences—gas heat, electricity, a deep well—and we are thinking about retiring there.

Some years ago, I served as pastor of both Methodist and Baptist churches in another Pennsylvania town. I used to wonder in those days why the Methodists did not publish a more distinctive magazine. We have one now in TOGETHER. From the start, the church I now serve has used the Family Plan.

Story Enlists Recruits

STEVEN SMITH, *Director*
Instituto Americano
Cochabamba, Bolivia

It was an honor to be chosen as a representative of the missionaries in Bolivia. [See *Three-Year Missionary in Bolivia,* August, 1963, page 40.] I have received letters from two girls who want to participate in this missions program, and they are in contact with Miss Irene Hesselgesser of the Woman's Division of Christian Service.

Miss Hesselgesser is executive secretary for South and Central America. Her address is 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.—EDS.

Good Response to Appeal

E. F. MAYTON, *Chaplain*
State Prison, Raiford, Fla.

Mrs. C. R. Lewis of Los Angeles, Calif., responded promptly to the appeal of Dr. G. Weldon Gatlin for back issues of TOGETHER [*Letters,* August, page 59],

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Thank you.

Advice for Bishops

ODIE GREGG, *Pastor*
Haekelburg, Ala.

Bishops F. Gerald Ensley, A. Raymond Grant, John Wesley Lord, and Kenneth W. Copeland, who head the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns and who support the Supreme Court decision ruling out Bible-reading and prayer in our schools, do not speak for me and millions of Methodists. [See *Moderation Marks Reaction to Bible, Prayer Decisions*, September, page 4.]

CAMERA CLIQUE

Writer and His Camera: When our associate editor, Herman B. Teeter, headed for the Kentucky hills last summer, he carried the magazine's twin-lens reflex camera to illustrate the story of the Rev. John H. Lewis [see *Preacher Behind a Bargain Counter*, page 22]. The camera had a built-in light meter, and Mr. Teeter took Plus-X film for outdoor work and Tri-X for available-light situations indoors.

A veteran feature writer, Mr. Teeter had taken pictures only occasionally with old press-type cameras. The large-image viewing screen of the twin-lens reflex camera caused his composition to be tight, and he didn't have to guess at the focus because the big knob on the side allowed him to move in on the subject with ease. The built-in meter took the problem out of exposures—it was almost like shooting a box camera.

This popular camera—a favorite of amateurs and professionals the world over—again is available in the popular 127 size. You might consider it for an extra camera, because it also gives slides which can be projected from any 35-mm. projector.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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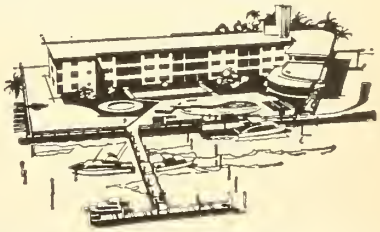

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RIGHT in the middle of a big forest that had a lovely way of changing its colors—from gold and pale green in the morning sun to blue and purple after lunch to velvety black at bedtime—there lived a rabbit family. Of course, many other animals lived in the forest, too.

But in this family, there were a mama and papa, 19 little bunnies, and a lot of cousins who often came to visit. They all lived happily, though crowded, in a burrow under a big pine tree. Except for the very in-the-middle rabbit. He was always fussing about the confusion.

"There are just too many of us," complained Middle Rabbit. "I do wish I had a room of my own." And he heaved a big sigh.

One night when there were seven extra cousins visiting for the weekend, Middle Rabbit decided he could stand it no longer.

"I'll just leave home," he said. "I'm going out in the forest and find a room all my own. Then nobody will be pushing me and breathing in my ear and rolling over on top of me." So quietly he squirmed his way out of bed and tiptoed out of the house into the black velvet forest.

Middle Rabbit had never realized before that the forest not only changes color as the sun moves through it but, especially at night, it seems to change size. He found that all the trees were three times as big as they were before supper. The mossy path he had played on that day was a whole lot tinier. But in a moment he gathered his courage. He hopped forward bravely, looking from this side to that for a room of his own.

Presently he came to an old tree with a hole in it. It was just the right size for his own private room! Happily he popped into the hole.

Then goodness! What a racket! What a fuss! Middle Rabbit soon found that the hole he had chosen for his own private room was already the home of a family of squirrels. The mama squirrel was very upset, and Middle Rabbit popped quickly back out.

After a while, it became chilly and started to rain. Middle Rabbit felt very uncomfortable. He was even more anxious to find a room of his own so he could cuddle down for a snooze and be warm. Besides, the trees seemed to be getting bigger and blacker all the time, and it was very scary for a middle-size rabbit who had never been away from home before.

The Rabbit Who Wan

By HELEN KENDRICK

Together with the Small Fry

Finally he found it. It was a little room under a stump, with a nice bed of dry leaves. This time he didn't pop right in, but knocked politely. When there was no answer he peeped in, and sure enough, it was empty. So Middle Rabbit moved right in, fluffed up the leaves, flopped down, and for the first time in his life, enjoyed the privacy of his very own room.

How nice to stretch out his legs without kicking someone in the nose! How elegant to breathe deeply without getting his own nose full of fuzz! He breathed a contented sigh and fell fast asleep.

But Middle Rabbit had not been asleep long when something—maybe it was the wind sighing through the tall trees—wakened him. He squirmed around trying to get comfortable so he could go back to sleep. But dry leaves are not nearly as soft and warm as little furry bodies.

Then something made him peer out of the room of his own. There, right in front of his door, were some eyes. Not the soft brown eyes of one of his brothers or sisters or cousins. Not the soft brown eyes of a friendly deer. Perhaps they were the big shining eyes of one of those scary animals he had heard his mother and father talking about.

Middle Rabbit scrunched down under the leaves and lay very, very still, hoping the eyes would go away. But every time he peeped out, it seemed that the eyes were staring right at him. They did not look at all friendly, and Middle Rabbit found it impossible to sleep.

Only when the morning sun began to change the color of the forest from black to gray to gold and pale green did the eyes go away. Quickly Middle Rabbit left behind the room of his own. He scampered back to his own crowded burrow as fast as he could hop. He arrived just as Mama Rabbit was calling, "Wash your paws and whiskers quickly, children. Breakfast is ready." Middle Rabbit wiggled his nose: hot oatmeal 'n' cinnamon buns!

As he joined his 19 furry brothers and sisters and 7 extra visiting cousins at the breakfast table, he looked about contentedly.

"Mama, I think it's sort of comfortable to have a lot of brothers and sisters and cousins," he said. "I'm really glad I don't have a room of my own."

"Of course, dear," replied his mother. "What would you do with a room of your own?"

a Room of His Own

"There are just too many of us," complained Middle Rabbit . . . "I'm going out in the forest and find a room all my own. Then nobody will be pushing me and breathing in my ear."

Grow a Winter Garden

WHEN it seems that spring will never come, why not try growing a winter garden? Perhaps later on you can even transplant the little seedlings to your outdoor garden or to a window pot. Here are two ideas that will help you understand how a seed becomes a plant.

Get a wide-mouthed jar like those that instant coffee comes in, and some paper towels. Dampen the towels slightly, but not too much. Pack four or five layers of the towels loosely against the sides of the jar. Then place a few bean, sunflower, or cucumber seeds between the glass and the wet paper. Set the jar in a sunny window and watch the seeds open and the little plants begin to grow!

Or you may cut a few layers of the paper towels to fit into the lid of a big jar. Keep the towels damp, place your seeds on top, and set the lid in the sunny window.

You may also wish to use an ordinary dampened sponge. Place it on an old saucer which Mother will provide, if you ask her. Have her get you some parsley seeds. Sprinkle a few of these over the sponge. Keep it damp, and you'll soon have your own greenery.

—ELLEN REBECCA FENN

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough, I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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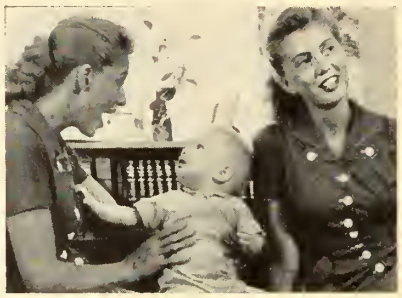
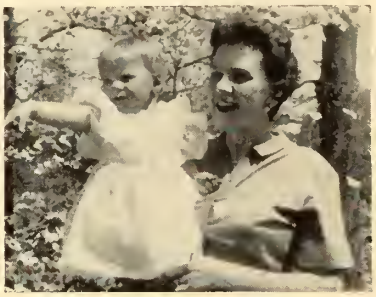
After-Hour Jottings

Five years ago this month . . . we published No. 1 in the every-other-month continuing feature, *People Called Methodists.* This month you'll find No. 33 in the series on page 17. If you should ask us when the series (called PCM around the office) will end, we would have to say we don't know, for there is no end to the diversity of occupations and interests among the 10 million who make up our great church. A few weeks ago, however, we thought it would be interesting and neighborly to go back to say "howdy" to the first family TOGETHER visited in January, 1959—that of ***Mr. and Mrs. Herman Qualls,*** Athens, Tenn. Included were four daughters, the two eldest a remarkable set of twins just out of high school and renowned for church activities, beauty, citizenship, and scholarship.

Well, we find, the twins—***Linda*** and ***Judy***—went on to college, continued reaping honors, got themselves married, and recently presented their parents with grandchildren. Meanwhile, the two younger girls—***Frau*** and ***Jane***—weren't at all awed by the high standards their sisters had set. Their own accomplishments and activities have been so admirable that their local newspaper, the *Daily Post-Athenian,* commented editorially:

"It is refreshing indeed to observe the activities of such a family as the Qualls in a time in which there is so much talk and concern about juvenile delinquency. There should be some kind of prize for a mother and father like Frankie and Herman Qualls, parents who have proved once again that wonderful parents make for wonderful children."





Judy and Linda, who posed with a neighbor's baby in 1959, now have their own. One is with proud Grandmother Frankie at right.

"We live on a 160-acre dairy ranch and our day starts at 4 a.m.," writes **Mrs. *Willo Davis Roberts*** of Oakdale, Calif., author of *Does Your Child Pray?* on page 15. "I have the usual rounds of dishes, beds, and laundry. And with seven of us to feed, there's always lots of baking to do . . . I bake 12 loaves of bread a week and supplement it with a little from the bakery."

How is it, then, that Mrs. Roberts finds time for her avocation, free-lance writing? "I don't find it, I *make* it," she continues, explaining that she writes on weekdays but reserves Saturdays for housework at her eight-room home. "I prefer working long and hard on the one day the kids are all home to help. We change all the beds, vacuum the whole house, cook and bake ahead for Sunday, wash, curl, and cut hair (I am the family barber), make a trip into town to the library, and possibly do some shopping, run seven or eight loads through the washer and dryer, do some last-minute ironing, and try to have quiet time left so I can go over my Sunday-school lesson."

In this manner (from last report), Mrs. Roberts had written nine books and numerous articles and stories. Believe you us, we'll be thinking about her the next time we have time to think we don't have time to do anything! YOUR EDITORS

TOGETHER—the midmonth magazine for Methodist families.

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TOGETHER continues the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence. The contents of each issue are indexed in the METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX.

TOGETHER is "the midmonth magazine for Methodist families" because it reaches subscribers by the 15th of the month preceding cover date.

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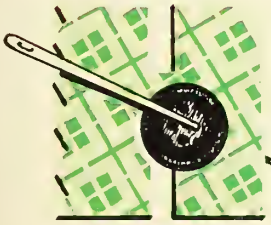


Hearken, the Women's Work

Hearken, the women's work in a world of need,
The Lydias and Dorcases who bake and sew,
Who mother the orphans that are no one's heed,
Who hand out the bread of life to neighbors as they go.

Hearken, the busy hands, always full
Of goodly deeds, philanthropists untold;
Giving kind words, shouldering some hard pull,
Priscillas who give themselves, a greater gift than gold.

BEULAH M. HUEY

Kingswood's venerable walls background Jon (right foreground) and fellow students as he walks to class with his friend, Francis Creed, son of the headmaster.

An American Boy at Kingswood

DURING THE 1961-62 school year, an Iowa boy played rugby and cricket, explored Roman ruins, captured an enviable scholastic prize, and discovered for himself that Kingswood School, Bath, England, still bears something of the stamp of its founder's methodical and rational mind.

A quiet, intelligent boy, now 17, Jonathan Burns had little trouble adapting himself to Kingswood's scheme of things. Now back in the United States as a high-school senior in Cedar Rapids, Jon recalls how it was at the 215-year-old institution founded by John Wesley, who would become the father of Methodism.

Now a high-school senior back home in Iowa, Jon Burns always will have strong ties binding him to Methodism's historic school in England.

"Our days were pretty full from breakfast to bedtime," he says. "We went to chapel every morning after breakfast for a Scripture reading and prayers. There were two services on Sunday, tea at 6:10 p.m., and studies at night. In between morning and afternoon classes, we had a strong athletic program."

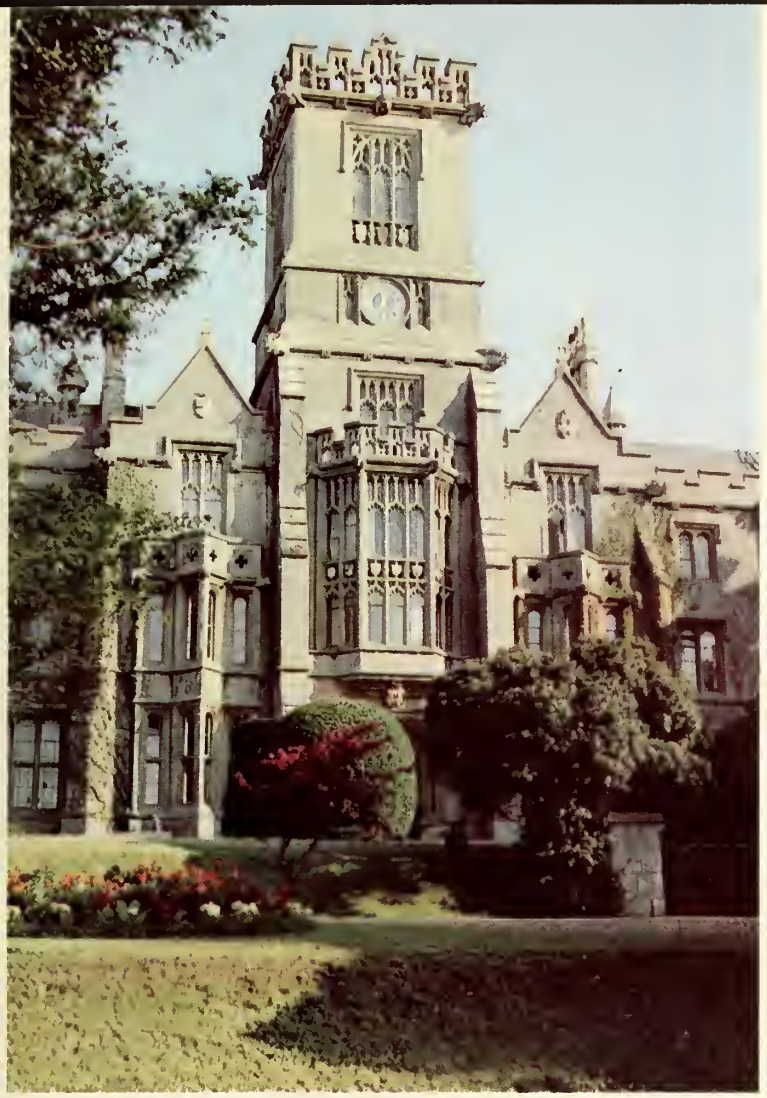
Christmas and Easter holidays lasted a month, however—quite a change from the early days when no holidays were granted and boys never were allowed out of the master's sight. High standards of discipline and scholarship are maintained today through emphasis on a student's sense of responsibility.

When Wesley founded Kingswood in 1748, he wanted a school "that would not disgrace the Apostolic Age." Once closed to all but ministers' sons, Kingswood now is open to laymen, and many of its rigorous rules have been relaxed in recent years.

Jon enrolled at Kingswood after his father, the Rev. Jackson Burns, discussed the idea with both A. B. Sackett, the former headmaster, and the present one, A. Lowry Creed. Dr. Burns, who is senior minister of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Cedar Rapids, views his son's experience in Kingswood's unique academic atmosphere with enthusiasm.

"He came home stimulated," Dr. Burns says, "for he had discovered one important thing in education —the great excitement to be found in learning."

Says young Burns, who pocketed a treasured certificate awarded by the Oxford-Cambridge Schools examination board: "It was a very good year!"



Jon (fourth from left, back row) played on Kingswood's rugby team, but did not care for cricket. "There was not really enough action to hold my interest," he confesses.

Kingswood went behind this imposing facade in 1852, when it was moved to Bath from Bristol where it was founded in 1748.

On vacation with his family, Jon visits England's prehistoric megalithic monuments at Stonehenge. With him here (from left) are his brother, Stephen; a fellow student, Paul Hunter; and his mother.

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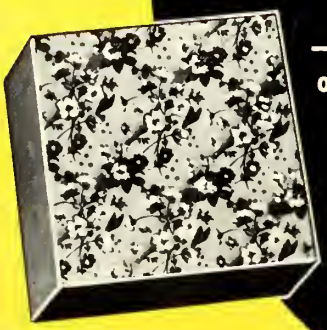

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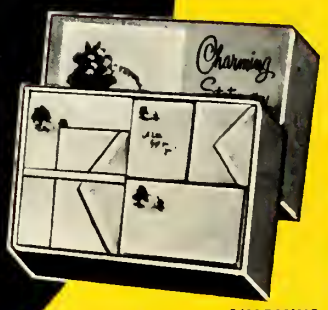

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